THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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GREEN AND GOLD.

Ireland's National Colors Displayed in Summer Glory on Her Emerald Plains and Everlasting Hills.

A Vision of Beauty Which Fills the Eye With Rapture and Turns the Heart to the Bountiful God of Nature.

(*To the Editor.*)

DUBLIN, Sept. 20.—I freely admit the very great—I was going to call it sin—which I committed in not having sent a communication of some kind to THE CITIZEN, a journal with which I have been so long connected. But blame Ireland and not me. My motherland has been a step-mother of the worst kind to me this time, for no sooner did I strike her shores than she struck me with sickness. For the first time in my life I have been unwell for a month, and cannot even account for it. In fact, it was sickness that prevented me from writing. The letter to the *Irish-American*, which you were so kind as to copy into THE CITIZEN, was written before I got real sick. I intended to write one for you immediately after, but the grippe, or the influenza, or whatever it was, said "no." I am better now, but far from being well yet.

What I said about the beauty of Ireland in my letter to the *Irish-American*, and with which the readers of THE CITIZEN are, thanks to you for copying it, now familiar, was about the twentieth part of what ought to have been said; for since writing it I have seen beauties of earth and sky of which no description would give a real idea. Earth and sky seem to be vying with each other here as to which will be the more beautiful. The cloud scenery of Ireland is this year simply marvellous. I saw a sunset on Loch Ouel that surpassed anything of the kind that any poet or painter ever dreamed of. The glories of the heavens above were reflected in the waters beneath, the green hills around the loch were lit up with a purple halo; one held his breath expecting to see angels descending, for the scene looked like a glimpse of Paradise, and was "glorious as the gates of heaven." And then the wild flowers! I saw more wild flowers in my native parish than ever I saw in all America. The country there is, unfortunately, nineteenths grass land, and flowers grow in such profusion that walking through the pastures is like walking through a parterre. In America and in most other countries, spring is the time for flowers, but in Ireland autumn is the time when they are in all their abundance and glory. The most beautiful flowers in Ireland, or, perhaps, in the world, is the flowers of the heath, and it rarely blooms before August. There were scores of mountains in Ireland this year that were vast bouquets; not a square foot of them was without a flower, purple heath and yellow furze blossoms made them such scenes of glory as could not be found in the whole broad universe outside of Ireland. I was sick when the mountains were covered with their drapery of purple and gold, and could not see them at their best, but I saw some of their glories on Thursday last at Howth. Above me towered the hill; two hundred feet of it, late as it was in the season, was one vast bouquet of purple and gold. The declining sun sent his slanting beams through clouds of all the colors of the rainbow, not only lighting up but revealing the purple-crowned summits of the mountains ten miles away over the bog and every corrie and valley that was in them. The whole glorious range of heights from Kippure in the west, to Bray Head in the east, was lighted up with a sun that shone through clouds that were as beautiful and as full of color as was the earth over which they floated. Below was Dublin Bay, that "matchless wonder of a bay" bounded by glorious hills of all shapes and sizes, on one side, and green woods and white villas on the other. The sight was hardly earthly; it was supernaturally beautiful. All I ever saw of scenery in America was tame and commonplace compared to it. There was an Englishman with me, a most unenthusiastic one, as I thought. He actually gasped for breath with excitement, for he had not been used to such scenes, and then he cried aloud, "Great God! are we on earth or in heaven? I feel I must either pray or cry!"

What in the name of common sense brings globe-trotting Yankees all over the continent of Europe in search of the beautiful? If they traveled every inch of it from Gibralter to Archangel, they would not find scenes of such beauty as can be found in hundreds of places in Ireland. Ireland has no glaciers or snow-capped mountains; these may be very curious and interesting things, but they are not in themselves beautiful. A mountain of even the moderate height of our Irish hills when it is covered with its golden and purple drapery of furze and heath, is a million times more beautiful than the eternally snow-covered peaks of the Alps or Andes. But, it is not the mountains alone that make the beauty of Ireland, especially in such a glorious summer as this has been. There is a picturesqueness and variety of surface and scenery in Ireland that no other country of equal area possesses. What a grand country the valley of the Mississippi is, but how unpicturesque! One might travel almost a thousand miles through it in a bee line, and not know he had gone a league, there is such sameness all through it. There are more beautiful places within half an hour's ride of Dublin than in the environs of any other city in the world; yet comperitavely few visit them. This fact shows how utterly contemptible the masses of mankind are. They want always some one to lead them. If it were fashionable to go to Timbuctoo in the African Sahara to look for scenery, they'd go there. They seem not to be able to appreciate anything unless some snob or snobs draw them to it. They had heard the "Last Rose of Summer" for half a century, but they never appreciated it until some German kinglings and princelings went half crazy about it in Berlin, until now every itinerant organ grinder had to have his machine yoked to play it. The beauties of Dublin Bay and of Ireland will never be fully known so long as the snobs of humanity spurn them.

Irish farmers are now, to use an Irish phrase, "on the pig's back." They have won one of the grandest battles that ever was fought, thanks to themselves, Parnell, agitation and their kindred in America. An Irish farmer may now, so long as he pays his rent, tell his landlord to go to the devil and shake himself. The landlord has not even the fixing of the rent of his own land; that is done by the land court. The tenant cannot be evicted unless for non-payment of rent; and if he thinks his rent too high, he can at any time appeal to the land court to have it lowered, which is generally done if there is just cause for it. As a consequence of the improved condition of the tenant farmer, he is making vast strides in the way of improvement in the look of his house and its surroundings. Very soon there won't be a thatched cabin in all Ireland. The improvements that have taken place during the fifteen years I have been out of Ireland, are simply enormous. Fifteen years ago, there were only four or five slated houses in the parish in which I was born, now there are few thatched ones. Where there were tumble-down sooty cabins, there are now beautiful, two stories high, slated houses good enough for the President of the United States to live in. There are thousands of small farmers now in Ireland, holding from twenty to fifty acres, and who live in houses infinitely better than those in which many a Western farmer, owning hundreds of acres, lives. When an Irish farmer wishes to have a new house built, and when he has not means enough to do it himself, he calls on the board of works, who build it, but they charge him so much per cent. on the whole amount is paid. Laborers' cottages are being rapidly built by the board of works also. They are beautiful abodes; always slated, and generally containing four rooms. Yet, even the old thatched cottages of the small farmers are, as a rule, much improved in appearance. In fact, with the disappearance of the dread of eviction, has come a general improvement in the houses, dress and appearance of the poorer classes of the Irish people.

The rejection of the Home Rule bill by the lords has caused very little comment in the national press of Ireland. The Irish knew the lords would reject it by an overwhelming majority. But surely the eyes of our English-toadying, Anglo-Saxon praising, England-soon-to-become-a-republic, belicoing blank fools of Americans ought to have their eyes opened now as to what aristocratic institutions are. Here is the will of a whole people, the regularly debated, legally passed desire of a nation, thwarted by a lot of titled asses, not one in fifty of whom has ever distinguished himself by intellectual ability of any kind. There are some men of brains in the house of lords, but they are very few. Some of them, like the Duke of Argyle, owe any little literary fame they possess to the fact of their being lords or dukes or something of the kind, for English toady publishers, like our American cattle of the same kind, will give some fossil, brainless peer like Argyle, as much again for an article as they would give a clever man with no handle to his name. In my humble opinion, the lords have plaited halters for their own necks. Such a form of government as that which England possesses can no more be perpetuated there than slavery could in the United States. It is mediæval; it is against the spirit of the times; it is the fifteenth century trying to rule the nineteenth. The day of unrepresented law makers or law marrers, can no more be perpetuated than slavery can. It is past forever. The lords must know this if they are not fools; but they *are* fools, at least the majority of them are fools, just as much fools as the majority of our slave lords were fools when they took up arms to defend and perpetuate slavery. The action of the lords in rejecting Home Rule by such an overwhelming majority, nearly nine to one, will do more to popularize the cause of Ireland in America than a hundred Parnells could poesibly have done. It will make Nationalists of hundreds of thousands of Irishmen in America who heretofore have stood aloof from Irish political affairs. It will do more; it will show the American people that England is not yet marching towards republicanism, and that in the house of lords, America and all free, self-governing countries have their deadliest enemy—an enemy that if it is not destroyed soon, will, whenever an opportunity occurs, do its best to destroy them.

It is really wonderful how Ireland has stood bad times, bad government, decay of wealth, decay of business and decline of population as well as she has. She is yet, in spite of all, a great, rich country, abounding in wealth, and better than all, abounding in children. I never saw more young ones in the streets of Dublin than are there now; and Dublin itself not only holds its own, but flourishes. There are of course signs of decay in some of what once were the leading private streets and squares of the city. Hundreds of mansions have been turned into tenement houses; but on the other hand, vast regions in the suburbs and outskirts of the city have been covered with neat, new cottages. All the attractive places in the environs of Dublin, Clontarf, Kingstown, Dalkey, Bray, etc., have grown enormously during the last fifteen years. The business parts of Dublin are greatly improved. All the leading streets are paved in such a way as no American city can boast of. Wooden pavement is used in some of the streets, but it is very different indeed from the wooden pavement used in Chicago. The blocks are not half so large, and are laid better than any I ever saw in any American city. Taking Ireland all round, I must say that I was surprised beyond measure to see it even as prosperous as it is, considering all the unfortunate country has gone through during the last fifteen years.

As to crops, Ireland has probably never had a more magnificent harvest. All crops are good; and as for potatoes, since 1845 I have seen nothing like them. They are bread and meat combined. Late meadows were light in some places owing to the drought. It lasts yet; and the pasture land is now beginning to give out, and Dublin is threatened with a water famine. To give an idea of what the crops are here this year, the Duke of Leinster's steward told me there was a field of oats near Maynooth that averaged twenty-five barrels to the statute, or American, acre. That was equal to 148½ bushels to the acre, counting the bushel thirty-three pounds. This oats was cut on the 28th of July. It is the largest yield I ever heard of in this or any other country.

Dublin has made vast strides of late in a literary and artistic way. The new library in Kildare street is the finest and most beautiful public library I know of anywhere. There is also a new and splendid museum on the other side of the square, facing the library. As for statues, Dublin is full of them. I need not say anything about the magnificence of the O'Connell monument or the awful scandal of the Moore monument, as those things were spoken of in my letter to the *Irish-American* which you printed in THE CITIZEN. There is a whole host of young literary men and women growing up here, most of whom are staunch Nationalists. Miss Dora Sigerson, whom I have named the *bean fhile*, or poetess, is the most prominent of our Dublin female literati at present. I knew her seventeen years ago, when she was only a baby, and have known her father for thirty years. In spite of his Scandinavian name, he is an intense Irish Nationalist, and a literary man of known ability and wide reputation, and a good Gaelic scholar also. His daughter has written some very touching and beautiful poetry, and promises, unless she becomes spoiled by matrimony, to be one of the foremost of our Irish poetesses.

If Mr. Casey, who wrote some very foolish verses in the Boston *Pilot* some months ago on the death of the Irish language, was to know the number of young Gaelic scholars that have sprung up here during the last fifteen years he would know how utterly mistaken he was in thinking—if he really did think so—that the Irish language was dead. Every year the number of those who pass in it in the intermediate education examination classes increases. Every year the sale and publication of books of all kinds in it increase. Mr. Casey ought to have known some facts about the Irish language before he spoke of it as being dead; perhaps "the wish was father to the thought" with him. There seems every reason to believe that it was.* T. O. RUSSELL.

*In this statement THE CITIZEN thinks Mr. Russell is mistaken.

Racing With an Avalanche.

Let Mr. Tuckett himself describe that thrilling race for life.

"I remember," he writes, "being struck with the idea it seemed as though, sure of its prey, it wished to play with us for awhile, at one moment letting us imagine that we had gained upon it, and were getting beyond the line of its fire, and the next, with mere wantonness of vindictive power, suddenly rolling out on its right a vast volume of grinding blocks and whirling snow, as thought to show that it could outflank us at any moment if it chose.

"Nearer and nearer it came, its front like a mighty wave about to break. Now it has traversed the whole width of the glacier above us, taking a somewhat diagonal direction; and now—run, oh! run, if ever you did, for here it comes straight at us, swift, deadly, and implacable! The next instant we saw no more; a wild confusion of whirling snow and fragments of ice—a frozen cloud—swept over us, entirely concealing us us from one another, and still we were untouched—at least I knew that I was—and still we ran. Another half-second and the mist had passed, and there lay the body of the monster, whose head was still careering away at lightning speed far below us, motionless, rigid, and harmless."

The danger was over, and the party examined the avalanche at their leisure. It had a length of three thousand three hundred feet, an average breadth of eight thousand feet, and an average depth of five feet. This is to say, its bulk was six hundred and eleven thousand cubic yards, and its weight, on a moderate computation, about four hundred and fifty thousand tons.—*From "Mountaineering Adventure" by Francis Gribble in McClure's Magazine for October.*

MR. JOHN O'CONNOR POWER, ex-Fenian as well as ex-M. P., was recently married to Mrs. Hubert Forneaux Weiss, the young widow of Professor Weiss, of London. Mr. Power has for years past been living in comparative obscurity in the English capital. He is attached to the editorial staff of the *Daily Chronicle*. Like Frank Hugh O'Donnell, O'Connor Power, belongs irrevocably to the past Politicoans they no longer are—they are phantoms.

FITZGERALD'S SPEECH.

Synopsis of the Stirring Oration of the Eloquent Massachusetts Irishman on Irish Day at the World's Fair.

A Review of the Genius of the Irish Race.

Following is an outline of the eloquent speech delivered by the Hon. John E. Fitzgerald, of Boston, at Festival Hall, World's Fair, on Irish Day, Sept. 30:

This is indeed a great day for Ireland—it is Irish Day, and looking out on this vast audience and the purpose which has brought it together, I am tempted to say:

"Hail to our Celtic brethren wherever they may be,
In far away Australia or the land 'cross the sea.
Whether they guard the banner of St. George in Indian vales
Or spread beneath the nightly north experimental sails,
A greeting and a promise unto them all we send
Their character our charter is their glory is our end,
Their friend shall be our friend, their foe who e'er assails
The past or future honors of the far dispersed Gaels.
One in name and in fame
Are the sea divided Gael."

In this gathering today of men of our race from every land and clime, and in the presence of the representatives of all nations, is the proclamation of that unity; and an announcement to the world of a nationality as distinct from that of the rulers as it was fourteen centuries ago, ere she knew the Britain or the Dane, and if the genius of a nation be its predominant character or disposition, then for my race above all races do I claim a love of fatherland and freedom unexampled in the world's history. Her story is a sad one. The pages of her history for centuries have been written in blood. War, extermination, emigration and starvation have been hers for many a day. At the door of the humble cot of her peasantry the spectre of famine has stood sentinel for many a year. Her history is a historical tragedy, made up of many acts, each ending with the jail or the gibbet. Yet, though robbed and ragged, chained and tortured, she preserved through all the centuries that intense nationalism for which she stands conspicuous above and beyond all the peoples of the world today. Force and law and bribe were used to destroy it, the hangman and the jailer did their work, the awful penal code covered the land with gloom for two centuries

"They bribed the flock, they bribed the son
To sell the priest and rob the sire,
Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the track of wolf and friar,"

but notwithstanding all this, in the caves and recesses of the mountains our fathers who remained at home, and on the strangers' land, those who were forced to go preserved and cherished this holy spirit as a thing to love, to fight and die for evermore. Her rulers prohibited and banned her ancient tongue foolishly thinking that thus would be destroyed her history and traditions, but in the tongue of the stranger, she speaks in firey prose and poetry the tale of her woes, and gave added ornament to the English language. She was compelled to learn and lisp the voice of her Swifts, her Grattans, her Currans and O'Connells, and her Meaghers and her Mitchels, and the poetry of her Moores, her Davises, her Mangans and "Speranzas," and others, sounding in the ears of their countrymen will live forever, keeping alive and luminous the fire of Irish nationality. The wreck, ruin and havoc of the invader, through the centuries have helped keep alive this love of our land for which our race is distinguished.

The crumbling castle, the ruined abbey, with that coating of ivy which time has thrown around them to preserve them from further desecration—how tenderly and eloquently they speak to our race of ancient glory and horrible war. There's a soul in those ruins that never will die, and we cling to them as fondly as the ivy does—for they speak of the freedom, the bravery and the piety of our fathers, and urge us to imitate their grand example. And to you who listen to me, and who have not seen for many a year and may never see again, the dear old river that flowed by your cradle, nor the grand old hills that flung their shadows across the paths of your childhood; how the forts and the castles and the abbeys, and the fairy tales through the mist of years come to you like a sweet dream, keeping alive the love of the old land, and a pride in her history and traditions. And Divine Providence, thank Heaven, is rewarding our race for their steadfast love and fealty and unity through the centuries. We were represented to the world as a lawless race, because we fought and died through the ages, and refused to be manacled without strife and struggle. The parliamentary successors of the very men who for centuries chained us have at length acknowledged, yea, but yesterday, that instead of being a lawless race we have been a persecuted race, and have at last acknowledged our right to natural existence and to govern ourselves, a right for which we fought and which we proclaimed through 700 years. The Irish, thank God, no longer act with a fawning, crouching mien—but proud and erect like men, they ask for men's rights. The struggle today is the fight of the masses, English as well as Irish, against the classes—the triumph is assured and creeping above the hilltops of the dear old land, dark so long, is the morning light of a brighter and a better day. And in the shaping of events which have led to this grand result, our race everywhere have contributed their share; more especially the great Irish race in America, and this brings me to another characteristic predominant in our race, the seemingly diametrically opposite to the passionate love of fatherland which I have described. It is the adaptability of our race, Their capacity to blend and become part and parcel of any other race on earth. Our race is essentially a missionary and emigrant nation building race. More especially since their systematic extermination and enforced emigration which began with Elizabeth and continued to our day. They were Spaniards in Spain, Austrians in Austria and Frenchmen in France and statesmen and soldiers everywhere, one of their number in our day, a Franco-Hibernian, receiving the highest honors as president of the French republic. But in this republic above all other lands the adaptibility of the Irish race has shown itself. What they have accomplished in civil life here is the best answer to those who say our race is not fit for self-government at home. If the second generation of the poorest of our race, landlord and tyranny ridden, transplanted here, can accomplish so much, what may we not expect from the ripened manhood and intellect of that race across the sea under a free government and home rule. It seems incredible but nevertheless true, that, from 1851 to 1885, 3,000,000 of our people left the shores of Ireland, being 53 per cent of its average population during that time.

Our race, though, are not new comers to the republic. They were here at its birth. They have been with it ever since, and will be to the end. (Great applause.) George Washington Curtis said: "They were distinguished in every action of the Revolutionary war." The great Henry Grattan also remarked in the Irish house of commons: "What you have trampled on in Ireland stings you in America," referring to the Irish soldiers in the revolutionary war. And yet, notwithstanding all this, which cannot be disputed—fifty years later our race had to meet and combat the Knownothing spirit of 1854, '55 and '56. We were represented as professing a religion and coming from a land which unfitted us for exercising the franchise of free men. The Irish-American militia companies were disbanded in Massachusetts and elsewhere. The Irish-American citizen was debarred by law from holding offie, though his fathers fought under Washington. But soon he had a grand opportunity to display his devotion to the land in which he found a home and to vindicate for all time against the knave and the knownothing, the patriotism of his race and his fealty to the flag of the republic. They went forth by regiments and brigades from the East and the West. They showed that the Irish-American citizen was true to the republic with all the strength of his arm, and to the last drop of his blood, and the Meaghers, the Mulligans, the Shields, the Sheridans and the Corcorans, the Casses, and a host of others told at Winchester, at Antietam, Gettysburg, and the terrible day at Marye's Heights, at Fredericksburg, where the Irish Brigade was cut to pieces, how well Irish hearts fought and bled and died for the Union and the republic. They carried with them as they fought the flag of the victors of the Yellow Ford, Benburb, of Limerick, Fontenoy and '98. It waved proudly on many a bloody battlefield for the Union, and the memories and the hopes of Ireland blended in the blaze of battle with the trials and triumphs of the Irish exiles' adopted land. (Applause.)

Surely from the foundation of the republic to this day our race has vindicated its patriotism and citizenship against the bigot and the Knownothing for ever more. In civil life, too, they have shown their ability; as civil magistrates of the great municipalities of the land they have been excelled by none in honesty and capability. A Grace, a Grant, or a Gilroy in New York; an O'Brien in Boston and a Roche in Chicago, Irish all, have been the peers, and more, of their predecessors. How shortsighted then is the Americanism of the men who fear immigration. Every emigrant who lands on these shores is worth his weight in gold, if he only bring a brave heart and a willing hand. He has helped make the republic of three millions a century ago the republic of seventy millions today, and has carried civilization and industry and smiling cornfields and magnificent cities like your own Chicago, where the savage roamed and the wilderness was a few years ago. Landing poor and penniless today he becomes the worthy citizen of tomorrow, and his son the merchant, the lawyer, the skilled artisan, the governor of a state; yea, the president of these United States the day after—for thus quickly does the spirit of Americanism even in the second generation absorb the family of the Irish immigrant who makes this land his home. Every swift-sailing messenger that speeds the broad Atlantic freighted with men and women filled with new hopes and new ambitions for a life in this republic better than they have known, brings as precious a freight as Jason of old brought to Greece. Let them come. The republic needs them all. They are a blessing and not a curse, while forests are to be felled, mines to be delved, prairies to be tilled and railroads and cities to be built in this republic of ours.

The republic's blessing and not its curse comes with the emigrant ship. It brings the granite and marble blocks, fashioned and polished in time in the studio of the republic's sculptor, each finding its fitting place in the building of the great temple of liberty. As well stop the tide of immigration as the flow of the ocean. It will flow hither forever more, while mankind is oppressed abroad and liberty has a temple and a shrine here; and in the building up of this great republic, whether as citizens in the civil walks or as soldiers, if need be, no better or more patriotic class will be found than the Irish-American citizen.

It is fashionable lately to call this race here the Anglo-Saxon, and England the mother country. Nothing is farther from the truth. It was disputed by Paine a century and a quarter ago. It less true now. He says, "It is said England is the mother country. Then more is the shame. The whole of Europe and not England is our mother country." This land is but in its infancy. She is only beginning to develop her composite character, made up of the traits of all nationalities, and a century from now the descendants of the Irishman, the German, the Frenchman and the Swede who fell or fought in the war of the Rebellion will be as proud of their ancestry as are the descendants of those who fought at Lexington or Monmouth over a century ago. (Loud applause.)

And in looking at these huge structures where the people of every clime have come to vie with each other in exhibiting those things that promote the peace and harmony and happiness of human life, I am reminded of what we read in the Bible of another structure. We are told that at creation's morning, and when the world was young, "the earth was of one tongue and one speech, and each said to his neighbor let us make a city and a tower the top whereof may reach to heaven, and let us make our names famous before we are scattered to all lands." And the Lord looked at the city and the tower which the children of Adam were building in their pride, and he confounded their tongues so that they could not understand each other, and he scattered them unto all lands; and the city and the tower were a failure and the name thereof was called Babel, because the language of the whole earth was confounded and they were scattered abroad on the face of the world. Four thousand years or more have passed away since Adam's children were cursed and scattered at Babel—4,000 years of war and pestilence and oppression, in which man has fought and chained and slain his fellow man because rivers and mountains divided him and tongues confounded him, until the Lord at length seemed to have looked with pitying eyes on the war-trampled and tyranny-oppressed descendants of the men of old; and in this our day and in our own land He calls together the scattered sons of men to build another city and another tower, and they come at his summons from all lands, like brothers, as in the world's early morning; they came from the icy homes of Scandinavia and from sunny France and Italy, from poor down-trodden Ireland, from the Rhine land—the Saxon, the Celt, the Norman and the Teuton, the dusky sons of the tropics and the almond-eyed ones of the East—all the nations and tongues of the world are gathering in this great city, this glorious republic, and they are lisping one common tongue as in the early days, and they are acquiring common tastes and ideas, and they are building a tower mightier than Babel that is to last for all time, whose foundation stone was the immortal Declaration; and this tower is ascending up, up to the great throne itself, and on its summit the God of liberty has placed his own electric light, and it shines as a beacon to guide the downtrodden of every land, to bring the children of men again together and make them brothers as of old—to give liberty to the slave, knowledge to the ignorant, plenty to the starving, justice to the oppressed, equality to all; to develop the highest type of manhood the world has ever seen, and to fill continents and islands with the blessings of life, liberty and happiness which, under its radiant light, are enjoyed by the thousands who listen to me and who should thank God that they live in the freest and most progressive land the sun has shone upon since that morning Adam first trod the flowery paths of Eden in the long ago. (Prolonged applause.)

Facts for the Traveling Public.

Emigrants, commercial men, tourists, mariners and miners relating to the preservation of health under conditions unfavorable to it, may be gleaned with profit from the oft published testimony of such persons relating to the protective and remedial qualities of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a very valuable remedy to those who traverse "the briny deep," or are subjected to malarial influences or out door exposure. With as much certainty as Dr. Koch's celebrated lymph destroys the organic microbe, the Bitters counteracts unhealthful germs in malaria-tainted air and brackish water. It prevents and removes disorders caused by poor and unaccustomed food, and restores tranquility to worn out nerves and weary brains. Rheumatism, kidney and liver complaint, cramps, colic and dyspepsia are among the ailments that it subdues.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Something Interetsing to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE LEAGUER OF CHARLEMONT—NEMESIS.

"They pushed their trenches in our teeth,
Their Muskets smote our stoutest spears,
And fire rained on us from the press
Of capped and cuirassed grenadiers."

"Come, captain mine, a penny for your thoughts."

The speaker, a bronzed and helmeted soldier, slapped the hero of our story familiarly on the shoulder as he uttered the words. Edmund O'Tracy and Niall O'Cuirnin had met once more.

Their meeting was on the bridge of Belturbet—on the quaint structure that spanned the crystal stream issuing from Lough Oughter. The East-Breffnian town was all astir with military life. Soldiers strolled in listless groups through the streets; soldiers dotted the highways leading into the country; soldiers lolled in idle converse from the casements of the cage-work houses—soldiers of the Irish army of Ulster, now in course of reorganization.

"Holla, Niall, ma bouchal! Your hand, my trooper; what news?"

"My faith, none to speak of, save that which you know yourself—that in an hour we shall know the name of our new general. Heaven send he may be another Owen Roe!"

"Amen to that. But how fares your sister?"

"Oh, Kathleen is as fresh as a rosebud, and sends you her love, gossip—ay, in troth, such a tender article that I feared, rude soldier that I am, to break it to pieces in the carriage—ha, ha! No matter, you've got it, and care it well, I advise you in all solemnity, for I——"

"Niall, trust me I will care and treasure it as the jewel dearest to my heart."

"Never doubt you, brother-in-law that is to be—that is, when the air has lost its smell of powder. But whom have we here?"

"Soho, Jock Hamilton, is it you?" exclaimed O'Tracy, addressing a tall Scot who strode towards the pair of friends.

"That it is, my bairn, just my ain sel, and glad I am to greet ye. How hae ye fared since the day, four months agone, when O'Connolly got his kail? Gadso, ye look reet brawly."

"And bravely enough I am, as you say. Here, Niall, is one of the keenest sabres in the North—the man who sent the informer Connolly to his account; you've heard the story?"

"Ay, that I have, and enjoyed it," replied the Breffnian.

"Dae ye speer, my friends, wha's the most likely general that your conventicle may choose?" inquired the Scot.

"In good sooth, I know not."

"Nor I."

The three men turned with mutual inclination and gazed musingly in the direction where sat the "conventicle" alluded to. In an open space of the town were drawn up three ranks of horsemen, mounting guard before an unpretentious house, from a window of which drooped the colors of the Ulster army. This house was the residence Owen MacSweeney, Catholic bishop of Kilmore, and in it the convention of Irish officers and gentry was being held, which was to choose a general for the Ultonians.

"Well, 'twere hard to venture an opinion," remarked O'Tracy, meditatively; "the candidates are many. There are Gen. O'Ferrall, who commanded our fellows in Munster; Hugh Dubh O'Neill, who punished Cromwell at Clonmell; Sir Phelim O'Neill, who holds Charlemont; Henry Roe O'Neill, the son of Owen Roe; Daniel O'Neill, a favorite of King Charles; Owen Roe's old friend, Heber MacMahon, bishop of Clogher, who, they say, has a good chance; and Lord Antrim."

"Harkee, friend," said Hamilton, seriously, "this election bids to lead to ugly wark. Look yonder; see the guid man in the black gown mounted on the gray gelding amang our troop. That is the goodly minister o' the Gospel, Muster Humphrey Galbraith, sent frae Enniskillen wi' us yestreen wi' a message tae yer captains—sent e'en by Sir George Monroe himsel'—whilk message I ken fu' weel. 'Gin ye make the Lord Antrim general we Scotch Presbyterians are wi' ye heart an' han' for the king; but 'gin ye elect onybody else, especially the bishop, ye put ye're foot in't, an' deep an' grue. some is the gulph 'twixt Scots and Irishry for the future."

"Come what may, friend Albanach," said O'Cuirnin, with hauteur, "we abide the result of the election."

"Ay, an' become our mortal foes again?" remarked Hamilton.

"Even so," exclaimed the other, sternly, "and what of that? Hurrah for another Benburb, and *fareer gair* for Owen Roe and the old times!"

The Scot's face grew purple, and he grasped the basket hilt of his claymore in sudden wrath. O'Cuirnin, on his part, stepped backwards and half drew his falchion from its sheath. Edmund hastily interposed between the twain. As he did so, a loud burst of cheering in the town caused the two opponents to take their hands from their weapons, relinquish their feud for the time being, and turn their mutual attention to the cause of the applause. The cheering was taken up and re-echoed by the soldiers in the streets and on the bridge.

"Ho, comrade, what cheer?" inquired Edmund of a musketeer who hurried past, excitedly waving his hat in the air.

"The election is over—we've got a general—hurrah!" cried the man.

"Who is he?" exclaimed the trio in the same breath.

"The fighting bishop, Dr. MacMahon of Clogher—hurrah! hurrah!" and the exulting son of Mars rushed away.

"A bishop-general—well, amen to the choice of the convention," said O'Cuirnin.

"I know not what to think or say," remarked O'Tracy.

"Weel, my bairn, I ken my ain mind o' the matter," said the Scot, drily and gravely; "an', as there's nae fear tae bind the tongue o' Jock Hamilton, I'll e'en gi' it ye. Yer leaders hae voted ye a general nae mair fit tae be a general than ane o' Rome's cardinals, an' I warrant me his campaigning shall breed ye little guid. We Scotch Presbyterians wad fain strike hard for the king; but, my certie, we'll ne'er draw claymore 'neath a popish bishop's command—nae, by St. Andrew, we're nae sic infernal fools!"

"Nabocklish, ma bouchal, nabocklish!" exclaimed Niall O'Cuirnin, as he pulled his long moushtache with one hand, and toyed with his sword-hilt with the other.

"Fareweel, Muster O'Tracy," continued Jock Hamilton, not heeding the interruption, as he seized and wrung the hand of our hero; "my way lies back tae Enniskillen. I've speered but little o' ye, but weel I ken ye're a braw, honest, fightin' cheil, an' fain wad I hae ye for a comrade. Gadso, 'gin we meet face tae face i' the bluidy time that's a-comin' we maun e'n shoot high for the sake o' auld lang syne. Fareweel, freend, fareweel."

Turning at once on his heel, the Scot stalked away into the town, and our hero never more looked on the face of Jock Hamilton. Some months afterwards he heard with regret of the sturdy trooper's death on the battlements of Lifford.

For about two months following the above-narrated events—the convention of Belturbet, the election of a bishop-general, and the defection of the Ulster Scots from the royalist cause—O'Tracy and his friend O'Cuirnin rode knee to knee in one of the most uneventful campaigns of the Ultonians. From Belturbet the army marched, about 5,000 foot and 600 horse, into the county Monaghan, and thence to Charlemont, where MacMahon and his officers published a manifesto, inviting the Scots to sink all distinctions of race and religion for the sake of the king, and join in opposing his enemies. But the Scots were inconvertible to the royal cause; they joined the forces of Coote and Venables, and Sir George Monroe surrendered Enniskillen to the former. Anxious to prevent the junction of the Cromwellian forces in the province, the soldier-prelate quitted Charlemont with his army and marched North.

On the eve of the troops leaving the town Edmund O'Tracy found himself again in the company of Kathleen and her brother.

Next morning, with drums beating and colors flying, the Ulster army marched out of Charlemont on a route due north. Kathleen waved her handkerchief to her brother as he rode beneath her casement in the midst of the gallant squadrons of O'Cahan, MacSweeny, and O'Neill. But O'Tracy was detained in Charlemont with the troop of horse under his command, an order to tarry behind was conveyed to him only on the morning of the march, and it was with mingled feelings of chagrin and exultation that from his post at the Northern gate he watched the array of armed thousands, horse and foot, defile in sturdy columns through the streets, pass out the gate, and wind away into the fertile and wooded country to the northward.

He found life in the famed garrison town on the Blackwater far more lively than he fancied it would be. The already hostile Scots were hovering in the adjacent country on the lookout for prey, but the determined soldier-lawyer who had kept the Red Hand of Ulster flying over Charlemont ever since he had taken the place by stratagem from Lord Caulfield nine years before, was not to be caught napping. From the commencement of the war Sir Phelim O'Neill had maintained a steady front towards the enemy. By his marriage with his second wife, the daughter of Gen. Preston, he had secured a fair little armament for his clansmen, the dowry brought by the bride to her spouse on the occasion consisting of arms for 500 horsemen, together with 200 muskets and £3,000—well expended in the equipment of the fighting O'Neills. His second wife dying, Sir Phelim, a marrying man, had wedded a third time, this time to a Scotch lady, Jane Gordon, daughter of the Marquis of Huntley, and widow of Lord Strabane—a fair female who had narrowly escaped smothering when Sir George Monroe's royalists begirt Strabane tower with burning straw and faggots, making the Parliamentarians leap from windows and portholes. Sir Phelim's lieutenant-colonel, or second in command, was Thomas Sandford, an Englishman and a stout, enterprising soldier, and the garrison of Charlemont numbered about seven score—as the counting method of the period went—or one hundred and forty men, a weak and insufficient force enough. However, small though it was, it was able to make dashing desultory raids into the adjacent country and sweep away many head of fat beeves from beneath the noses of the enemy. In this service our hero was often engaged, and he liked it well enough for variety's sake. When off duty he had the company of his affianced wife to fall back upon—a sure preventive of *ennui*.

The time passed; the summer advanced. The May had gone by, and leafy June was waning towards its close. The tidings from Bishop MacMahon and his army had been cheering enough during this time, and the prospects of the Ulster army seemed excellent. But one bright morning brought to Charlemont the unlooked-for and dispiriting news of black disaster and defeat! A battle had been fought near Lough Swilly, and the Ulster army—the hope of Ireland—had been cut to pieces by the Parliamentarian forces under Coote and Venables.

Among the first survivors of the bloody field of Schear-Saullis that trickled into Charlemont, travel-worn and despondent, was Kathleen's brother. Sad and gloomy was the tale he had to tell.

"Well, well, ma bouchal," said he to O'Tracy, as the pair sat once more in the company of our heroine, in that young lady's chamber, "'twas a bad ending, but we might have seen it from the first. Confound it! I think the Albanach was right after all—'tis not the province of a bishop to lead men to the battlefield. Monuar! monuar!—1500 of the bravest hearts in Ireland are stilled in death. We made a hard fight of it, avic, and, good heaven! had we Owen Roe to lead us Coote should have had a different tale to tell. Our best captains are laid low; Hugh Maguire and Hugh MacMahon, Henry Roe and Phelim MacTool are murdered; and that goodly leech, Owen O'Shiel, who tended you so well after Duncannon, is gone beyond the reach of his medicines—I saw his dead body among the slain between Schear-Saullis and Letterkenny. Ulster is lost, ma bouchal—lost for ever!"

"When may we expect attack?" inquired Edmund.

"Soon—and suddenly. Coote and Venables are bringing their artillery from the Bann and mustering their men to follow up the victory; they'll soon be at the gates of Charlemont, and then we'll fight our last fight."

"How go matters in the West?"

"Ah, my seven thousand sorrows! Hard and bitter is the news I have for you, avic, but bear it like a man. I met a Breffny man two days hence who gave me the story of misfortune. Dromahaire Castle is a black and roofless ruin, and your kindly foster-father, the tierna Owen O'Rourke, is in his grave. Nay, man, cheer up; he died like a soldier, died as one of his blood should die, and he shall not be unavenged."

O'Tracy rested his head on his hands, and his breast was agitated with great sobs of emotion. Dearly and tenderly he loved the lord of Dromahaire, and the stroke of separation was a heavy one—never again to spend a night beneath the hospitable Breffnian roof-tree that sheltered his youth, never again to look on the manly and generous countenance of Owen O'Rourke!

The grim wave of war rolled southwards from Lough Swilly.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
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Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Three Harvest Excursions.

Via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to all of the best farming sections in the West and Northwest, will be run on Aug. 22, Sept. 12 and Oct. 10. Return tickets good for twenty days. Low rates. Apply for further information to nearest ticket agent, or address George H. Heafford, G.P.A., Chicago.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

MOODY AND SANKEY.

STORY OF HOW MOODY DISCOVERED THE MAN TO HELP HIM.

It Was at a Meeting In Indianapolis That the Voice of the Great Singer Was First Heard by the Stirring Evangelist—Their First Work.

It was at Indianapolis in 1870 that these two men first made each other's acquaintance. Mr. Moody was already displaying that zeal in evangelistic work which subsequently made him famous, though then his efforts and his reputation were confined largely to Chicago. Mr. Sankey's home was in Newcastle, Pa., where he was then serving as an internal revenue officer. His father was a banker and active in politics and held under Lincoln's appointment the important position of collector of inland revenue for four large counties in western Pennsylvania. Young Sankey was then a Christian, having been converted a number of years before during a Methodist revival, and his talent of song had already begun to be used for his Master.

Coming to Indianapolis to attend as a delegate from Newcastle the national convention of the Young Men's Christian association, Mr. Sankey attended one morning a 6 o'clock prayer meeting, held in the basement of the First Baptist church, led by Mr. Moody. The singing dragged, and Mr. Sankey, at the suggestion of a minister who was seated beside him, started up the familiar hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood." It went well and was followed by other songs equally successful, and Mr. Moody became so interested that he looked about to see whence the new impetus in singing came. After the meeting closed, with characteristic quickness of decision, Mr. Moody, hardly waiting for an introduction, said to Mr. Sankey:

"You're the man I have been looking for for the last eight years. Come and lunch with me." The invitation was accepted, and later in the day the two men got together, and the subject of a future combination of forces was talked over in downright earnest. Mr. Moody pressed upon Mr. Sankey the duty of at once joining him in Chicago, but in Sankey's mind there were some practical objections arising from his business and family connections. "I am a government officer," he said to Mr. Moody, "and may find it difficult to get released." "There is a better government to serve than this," was the reply that flashed instantly out. But, persuasive as Mr. Moody was, he did not carry his point then and there. Mr. Sankey took several months in which to consider the matter.

That very afternoon, however, the first Moody and Sankey public meeting was held, with no advertisement except the singing as led by Mr. Moody's newly found friend. It was an outdoor gathering, and the masses were there. Mr. Moody brought out a box from a store to a favorably located street corner, mounted it, and there a short but fervent service of preaching and song was held. At the close of this open air meeting the two evangelists headed a procession for the Academy of Music, where the convention meetings were held, singing as they marched with the crowd into the Academy of Music, the convention having adjourned the discussion of "How to Reach the Masses" and gone to supper. When the delegates got back to the academy building, they found it nearly half full of the very "lapsed masses" about whom they had been discussing. Mr. Moody cut short his second address, dismissed the audience and went out with Mr. Sankey to get something to eat. Mr. Sankey was greatly impressed with these two meetings and said to Mr. Moody, "You are reaching the masses while other people are talking about them."

After the convention was over Mr. Sankey went back to Newcastle and talked the question over with his wife and family. He did not see his duty clearly all at once, but Mr. Moody kept writing for him to come to Chicago and at last persuaded him to go out for a week to look the ground over. Arriving in Chicago in the early morning, he went first to Mr. Moody's house, reaching there just as family prayers were being held. Almost before Mr. Moody introduced him to his family he asked him to sing a hymn and thus contribute his part toward the informal service of praise. Then the two men went out into the streets of the city visiting the sick and unfortunate.

That day must have been a notable one in the personal history of the two men, who afterward commanded the eager attention of great audiences on both sides of the sea. On this occasion, as two ordinary missionaries, they went about from house to house, singing and reading the Bible and speaking the word of cheer and hope wherever it was needed. This was their first day's labor together. Evening meetings were held during the week in the Illinois street church, of which Mr. Moody was the head and leader.

On Sunday a large meeting was held in Farwell hall, and as the organist happened to be absent Mr. Sankey had to sing without instrumental accompaniment, not having even a small cabinet organ there. The effect of the service upon the people there was so marked that Mr. Moody turned to the singer and said, "You see I was right." There were that night not less than 100 inquiries. The earnest preaching and consecrated song had gone home to many a heart. From that time until the present these men have been colaborers, and the story of their career here and in Great Britain is so familiar that it need not again be rehearsed.—Congregationalist.

Keeping the Congregation Awake.

Lapenius, chaplain to the Danish court (1692), noticing that a large part of the congregation fell asleep during the sermon, suddenly stopped, and pulling from his pocket a shuttlecock commenced to play with it. This strange device, we are assured, had the effect desired.—Temple Bar.

A Big Lobster Pound.

There is a lobster farm, or pound, as it is called, 12 acres in extent at Southport, Me. This pound is the most successful on the coast, whence 1,000,000 lobsters are shipped each year. The pound is formed by building a solid dam across a tidewater cove. This dam does not quite rise to high water mark, but across the top is placed a fence of iron rods, permitting a daily change of water and preventing the lobsters from escaping. In the spring and fall business is most brisk.

When the fishermen bring the lobsters to the pound, the "fish," as they are called, are hoisted to the dam, measured, and those which are more than 10½ inches long, the legal limit, are thrown in. If a lobster is clever, his life in the pound may be long and full of joy. If he is stupid, he will be fished, out with a drag seine and packed in a barrel, with a piece of ice for a pillow, and sent to Boston. The seine is made of stout twine and is weighted at the bottom with a heavy chain. Along the top is a row of corks, which sustain the weight of the seine while the chain drags on the bottom of the pound.

A single cast of this seine will bring up lobsters enough to fill 11 barrels. The chain as it sweeps along the bottom stirs up the lobsters, which immediately shoot backward into the slack twine. In taking them out the men wear heavy mittens, though even then they are often nipped. In the pound the lobsters are fed on salt herring, men rowing about in skiffs and pitching the herring overboard. This is called "feeding the chickens," and it takes about six barrels to make a light luncheon for the flock.—Boston Globe.

The Cat In Ancient Times.

The cat was so very highly regarded in England at one time, both as a rat and mouse catcher, and as an ornament to society, that we find the following salutary law passed by one of the princes of Wales:

"If any one steal or kill a Cat that guards the Prince's Granery, he is to forfeit a milch Ewe, its Fleece and Lamb. Or, as much Wheat as, when poured upon the cat suspended from its tail, with the head touching the floor, would form a heap high enought to cover the tip of the former."

Though the Welsh had a high opinion of the cat, the ancient Egyptians had a still higher. These intelligent and civilized people treated cats with great distinction. It was a crime to kill them, and when they died they received a public burial, at which the people mourned, having first shaved off their eyebrows as a token of sorrow. The most prominent cats were upon death embalmed in drugs and spices, and cat mummies have been found side by side with those of kings. When Cambyses, the Persian, attacked the Egyptian city of Pelusis, he cunningly provided his soldiers with cats instead of shields. When the host advanced, the Egyptians retired in confusion upon discovering that they would be unable to do damage to their enemy without seriously imperilling the lives of vast numbers of cats. And so the city was taken easily and without the loss of blood or of a cat. It cannot be disputed that the ancient Egyptian cats must have enjoyed life very much.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"Yankee Doodle."

The tune of "Yankee Doodle" has had seven or eight treatises written upon it in the last 30 years, ascribing it to various dates and origins, even back to The Netherlands and the days of Cromwell and the Charleses. Dr. George Grove of London, author of the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," has investigated thoroughly the various musical libraries and the British museum in England, finding no traces of it whatever, thus exploding all the mystical, traditional and apocryphyal accounts thereof.

But "Yankee Doodle" had an origin and has a history. It was written by Dr. Richard Schuchburg, whose commission dates 1737, in the French and Indian war of 1755 under General Jeffrey Amherst and was intended as a "take off" on the "rag, tag and bobtail" recruits of the colonies that came into the army. It "took" so well, however, that the Americans have ever adopted it and would not part with it for anything. The first words,

Father and I went down to camp,

were in the Boston Journal in 1768, and the first record of the tune is in Arnold's "Two to One," 1780, so that "Yankee Doodle," although written by a British surgeon, is really American.—Boston Transcript.

Economy In Foot Wear.

The neatest and most economical possible foot wear is a low cut shoe of a special pattern to be worn with gaiters to match each dress. This style of foot clothing has many advantages. The low shoe is easily aired, and the inner sole will retain the odors of the feet with the neatest of persons if not properly aired, especially when one walks much. The gaiter breaks the apparent size of a large foot and forms a very attractive finish when matched to costumes.

Skirts rubbing against the front of high kid boots will wear the seam, while the lower part remains in perfect condition. Gaiters, upon the other hand, can be changed as soon as defaced and worn with the same boot. Many pretty gaiters are possible for different occasions and styles of dress.—Jenness Miller Monthly.

Effect of Music on Penn.

Walter Savage Landor introduces Peterborough in conversation with William Penn and makes him applaud Penn cynically, when the latter declares that there is something in a violin if played directly that appeareth to make hot weather cool and cold weather warm and temperate, not, however, when its cords have young maidens tied invisibly to the end of them, jerking them up and down in a strange fashion before one's eyes, and unless one taketh due caution wafting their hair upon one's face and bosom, and their very breath, too, between one's lips if peradventure one omitteth to shut them bitterly and hold tight.—Musical Courier.

A Telegraph Line Before Morse's.

Honor to the pioneers in the vast field of science! Mr. John Sime has published at the Chiswick Press in pamphlet form a very interesting memoir of Sir Francis Ronalds. Twenty years before Wheatstone and Cooke or Morse had patented their improvements in the telegraph, indeed while the first two were respectively lads of 12 and 14 years of age, Ronalds had sent messages over eight miles of overhead wires of his own construction and had laid and worked a serviceable underground line of telegraph of sufficient length to demonstrate the practicability of communication by telegraph between long distances.

Details of his overhead telegraph wires were published by him in 1823. Ronalds' residence at Hammersmith, where these experiments were carried out, is the house now and for long past occupied by Mr. William Morris, the poet, who has caused a tablet to be placed on the wall bearing the inscription, "The first electric telegraph, eight miles long, was constructed here in 1816 by Sir Francis Ronalds, F. R. S.," etc. An autotype facsimile of a portrait of this father of electric communication accompanies the publication.—London Telegraph.

Calculating the Distance of a Storm.

Although lightning and thunder occur always simultaneously, an interval of shorter or longer duration is usually observed between these two phenomena, which is due to the fact that sound travels only at the rate of 1,100 feet per second, while the passage of light is almost instantaneous. Based upon this fact, it is an easy matter to tell, at least approximately, how many miles a thunderstorm is away. A normal pulse will beat about one stroke to the second, and by counting the pulse beats during the interval of the lightning and the thunder the lapse of seconds is arrived at and consequently the number of feet, which can be reduced to miles.

For example: If 30 seconds elapse between the flash of the lightning and the crash of thunder, the storm center is at a distance of 33,000 feet, or about 6¼ miles. An almost accurate calculation can be made by using a watch with a minute dial.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Use Pure Water Freely.

Unhygienic habits report themselves unmistakably in the skin both in color and odor. To health and beauty it is essential that one should use pure water (rain water is best) frequently and freely and follow its use with brisk friction all over the body with a piece of coarse flannel, which is a wonderful aid to a soft and glowing skin, as it stimulates healthful circulation. Sun and air baths are necessary to the proper nutritive functions of the skin, and daily attention to the promptings of nature is imperative to save it from becoming a vehicle for offensive exhalation. Care will do much to put off the evil day of wrinkles and decay.—Exchange.

They Make Aurorae to Order.

Artificial miniature auroras of the borealis variety have been produced by both De la Rive, the French savant, and Lenstrom, the Swedish astronomer. In Professor Lenstrom's experiments, which were made in Finland, the peak of a high mountain was surrounded with a coil of wire, pointed at intervals with tin nibs. The wire was then charged with electricity, whereupon a brilliant aurora appeared above the mountain, in which spectroscopic analysis revealed the greenish yellow rays so characteristic in nature's display of "northern lights."—St. Louis Republic.

Worse Than Wicked.

If more people understood that any appearance of haste or carelessness was out of place in formal correspondence, they would not use such expressions as "many thanks" any more than the hardly less objectionable phrase, "thanks," in conversation. Such curtness is like the old story, "Worse than wicked; it's vulgar."—Philadelphia Press.

The Tramp's Loyalty to an Ideal.

In one of his delightful essays Mr. Lowell tells of a tramp whom for seven years he assisted with money to enable him to get from Boston to Portland. "He was as fine an example," Lowell adds, "as I have ever met of hopeless loyalty to an ideal."—New York Tribune.

DON'T BE FOOLED by the dealer who brings out something else, that pays him better, and says that it is "just as good." Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is *guaranteed*. If it don't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back. No other medicine of its kind is so certain and effective that it can be sold so. Is any other likely to be "just as good"?

As a blood-cleanser, flesh-builder, and strength-restorer, nothing can equal the "Discovery." It's not like the sarsaparillas, or ordinary "spring medicines." At all seasons, and in all cases, it purifies, invigorates, and builds up the whole system. For every blood-taint and disorder, from a common blotch or eruption, to the worst scrofula, it is a perfect, permanent, *guaranteed* remedy.

CONSUMPTION
SURELY CURED.

To THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address.

Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M.C.,
No. 183 Pearl Street, New York.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by Druggists or sent by mail.
50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

GREATEST DAY OF ALL.

CHICAGO CELEBRATES AT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

Scenes Which Have No Counterpart in the the History of America—Chief Pokagon, Whose Father Deeded the Land Upon Which Chicago Is Built, Takes Part in the Ceremonies.

CHICAGO, Oct. 9.—When the sun arose at the dawn of Chicago day behind the Columbian arch peristyle it shone upon a clear sky as blue as the field on which the stars of the nation's flag are emblazoned.

The turnstiles were set in motion at 6:30 o'clock and there was a waiting crowd outside the gates at that hour. From that time forward from the Administration dome the eye could behold a mighty army of men, women and children marching from the entrances over the broad walks and highways and along the great Casino pier, all in holiday dress, smiling and merry, and carrying all manner of receptacles for lunches. The advance purchase of over 250,000 souvenir tickets prevented a blockade at the ticket offices and the hundreds of employes at the gates handled

EMMA C. SICKELS.

the streams of incoming people without trouble. The scenes created by the morning's multitude probably have had no counterpart in American history. In many respects they reminded the observer of the scenes on England's great Derby day on Epsom Downs, on London's bridges and streets adjacent to the railroad stations. Every exposition building, great and small, was decorated especially in honor of Chicago, but the Illinois building was the most gorgeous of all. The dome was covered with flags and streamers, which fluttered in the mild morning breeze.

Chiefs Pokagon and John Young.

The first event arranged by the World's fair committee of the Chicago common council took place at 9 o'clock and was more closely associated with Chicago's birth and early history than anything else on the programme. The old Pottawatomie chief, Simon Pokagon, whose father, Leopold, deeded the land upon which Chicago was built, had been induced to come from his home in Hartford, Mich., for Chicago Day. He stood beside the Columbian bell with uncovered head in the dress of a white man and received the homage of thousands. He was born 63 years ago Sept. 27 last—on the day the transfer deed was delivered to the agents of the United States government. By his side stood the most picturesque figure among more than half a million people. His dress consisted of a heavy and varied coat of paint on his face, body and limbs, a headdress of feathers and a breechclout of beaded buckskin. He wore moccasins and looked a typical Indian on the warpath, although he came with a message of peace, standing as a historic figure between the Chicago of yesterday and the Chicago of today. He was chief John Young, 60 years of age.

His Father Christened Chicago.

He came from the Potawattomie reservation near Niles, Mich., to tell people of all nations that his father who bore the same name, christened the fair city "Chicago," which literally interpreted means "Where the skunk dwells." These two old and feeble Potawattomie chiefs were the idols of the hour. Several thousand people scrambled and pushed in a wild endeavor to shake their hands. Miss Emma C. Sickels, the heroine of Pine Ridge, introduced the two Indians to the multitude which surrounded the new clarion of liberty.

At noon Mayor Harrison rang the Columbian liberty bell in honor of Chicago day. The principal event of the afternoon was the reunion of states in the court of honor, and parade of school children.

The Display at Night.

The grandest event of the day began at 6:30 in the evening. It consisted of a procession of twenty-six magnificent floats, representing historical events of Chicago and the world. The pageant passed all through the grounds and was reviewed with enthusiasm by the vast multitude of sightseers. At 7:30 the display of fireworks began. The special set pieces were old Fort Dearborn, the old city hall, first mayor of Chicago, and Chicago triumphant. The largest piece of the evening was entitled the burning of Chicago. It was produced in four scenes and covered an area of 14,000 square feet. The first illustrated Mrs. O'Leary's famous cow; the second the cow kicking over the lamp, the fire which then started giving a realistic view of the burning of Chicago, closing with the picture of the city in ruins. Besides these, every known variety of pyrotechnic art was used to fill out the evening's programme.

It is estimated that the attendance for the day was over 600,000, the largest in the history of expositions.

Affairs in Argentina.

BUENOS AYRES, Oct. 9.—Cordoba and some others of the political prisoners have been liberated, the government believing that the revolution has been suppressed. Dr. Alem, leader of the Radicals, is not allowed to communicate with his friends in Rosario. The citizens have petitioned the president to pardon all political prisoners. President Pena has issued a manifesto saying he proposes to govern the country, with his advisers, without regard to politics, and that honest men will receive benefits at his hands without preferences.

Steve Elkins' Daughter Betrothed.

KINGWOOD, W. Va., Oct. 9.—The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth Elkins, daughter of ex-Secretary Stephen B. Elkins, to Mr. Edward F. Bruner of New York. Miss Elkins is a handsome and accomplished young lady. Miss Elkins is now at her father's country place, "Hallikhurst," Elkins, W. Va. The wedding will be celebrated in November. Mr. Bruner is a prominent broker in New York.

REPEAL BILL IN THE SENATE.

Close of the Sixth Week of Debate and No Vote Yet—Its Present Phase.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—The ninth week of the extraordinary session of congress and the sixth week of the senate debate on the silver purchase repeal bill has closed, leaving it still as uncertain as ever when the bill will come to a decisive vote. One phase of the situation in the senate is thus described by one of its members: "There are seven Republican senators—Teller, Wolcott, Jones of Nevada, Mitchell, Dubois, Pettigrew and Power—who are for silver, opposed not only to the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman law, but to any compromise which would not provide for silver at least as liberally as that law. There are four Republicans opposed to repeal unless some compromise measure is substituted for the Sherman law that will recognize silver as a money metal—Cameron, Manderson, Perkins and Hansbrough. In addition to these the four Populists, of course, are opposed to the repeal of the Sherman law—Peffer, Stewart, Allen and Kyle, Irby being accounted a Democrat.

"These are antagonists of the administration from outside the Democratic ranks. The Democratic senators are divided, the majority being opposed to the unconditional repeal. Therefore, if President Cleveland's position regarding the Sherman law is to be sustained, it must be by the votes of the twenty-five Republican senators understood to be committed to repeal. Now they are confronted by this question: Shall they wait for the Democratic majority to agree upon a compromise, or shall they suggest one, or shall they stand squarely for unconditional repeal? Between these lines of policy the Republicans are halting, but it is believed the majority are in favor of allowing the responsibility of meeting the situation to rest on the shoulders of the Democratic majority."

BISHOP BROOKS' SUCCESSOR.

Dr. William Lawrence Confirmed Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts.

BOSTON, Oct. 6.—William Lawrence was confirmed bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Massachusetts to succeed the late Phillips Brooks. The ceremonies took place in Trinity church. Eleven bishops in their black robes and lawn sleeves, most of them with long, academic hoods of vivid red down their backs, in the presence of 200 white-robed priests, laid their hands upon Dr. Lawrence and uttered in chorus the weighty words: "Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a bishop in the church of God."

Two thousand people witnessed the ceremony. The bishops present were: John Williams of Connecticut, who presided; Clark of Rhode Island, Whipple of Minnesota, Neely of Maine, Doane of Albany, Huntington of central New York, Niles of New Hampshire, Randolp of southern Virginia, Potter of New York, Courtney of Nova Scotia, and the Greek archbishop of Zane, Greece. Governor Russell and a few of his staff, resplendent in their gold braid and gilt buttons, sat in a front pew, just under the pulpit. The hymns and anthems were sung by a chorus of seventy-five men and boys and the sermon was by Bishop Whipple of Minnesota.

DEATHS WILL REACH 2,000.

Many People Leaving Their Homes in the Storm Stricken Region.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 9.—This city has raised a relief fund of about $75,000 in all, and steamers, tugs, skiffs and trains have been sent in every direction to extend relief. The only new development is the intelligence from Bayou Sandres, leading from the Grand Isle district, that there are a hundred deaths along that section, making about 1,600 deaths between Chanliere and Bayou Cook. The Louisville and Nashville railroad is still very busy repairing bridges and will not be in good order for two or three weeks. A great many people are leaving their former homes in the storm stricken section and coming to New Orleans, but the heroic Slavonians on Bayou Cook and the Malays at Shell Beach and St. Malo say what they want is to recover and repair the boats and rebuild their houses, and they will be able to earn a living and pay back the money lost. It is safe now to number the deaths at 2,000, but the loss in property will be many millions. It would take several hundred thousand dollars to repair the Shell road at the resorts in Mississippi sound.

The Midwinter Fair.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 9.—A conference between a committee from the board of trade and the Midwinter fair committee was held here. The discussion covered a wide range, resulting in expressions of the utmost confidence in the final outcome of the success of the fair, both artistically and financially. Great interest in the fair continues to be manifested by eastern business men who want concessions, and are willing to pay for them. A number of restaurant privileges were applied for.

Didn't Like Our Business Methods.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 9.—A young Englishman who registered at Hurst's hotel as J. A. Gumberg received two registered letters, which the postal authorities declined to deliver until he was identified. They were opened in his presence, however, and found to contain checks and money amounting to $5,000. Gumberg became angry at refusal, snatched the checks and applied a match to them. He has since received money by cable and departed.

Anniversary of Parnell's Death.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—The anniversary of the death of Charles Stewart Parnell was commemorated in the evening by a memorial meeting under the auspices of the Central council of the Irish Independent party in the Grand Opera house. The hall was crowded in every part and was profusely decorated with Irish and American colors. On the right of the stage was placed a draped portrait of the dead leader.

"Potato Bake" at Monument, Colo.

MONUMENT, Colo., Oct. 9.—This little village on the divide gave a "potato bake" which was attended by 5,000 people. Besides the roasted tubers, roasts of beef, veal, lamb and pig were served and other viands on tables spread in the park in the form of a hollow square. Fifty ladies of the village served the hungry guests, whose appetites had been keenly whetted by the brisk mountain breeze that swept by.

Bank Burglar Caught.

CARLETON, Minn., Oct. 9.—Three burglars blew the vault doors of the Carleton County bank. They were fired on by a policeman and one of them was wounded, but they escaped. Vigilantes started after them. A heavy steel safe saved the money of the bank intact. One of the burglars was caught with burglar tools and candles on his person.

FOUGHT IN MIDAIR.

Thrilling Struggle on an Atlanta Telephone Pole.

TUSSLE WITH A DRUNKEN PAINTER.

A Lineman Has to Strike for Life on a Platform Ninety Feet High—Bloody Work by a Montana Rancher—He Commits Two Murders and Suicide—A Tennessee Negro Killed by Whitecaps While Defending His Wife.

ATLANTA, Oct. 10.—A drunken painter named Tucker gave a war dance on the narrow platform at the top of a telephone pole ninety feet above the ground. He carried up a flask of whisky and a can of green paint. With the paint he colored himself green from belt to crown. Then he sang and yelled and danced, attracting a great crowd. He swung himself from the right of the platform and dangled there in the air to the horror of the crowd below.

Was a Matter of Life or Death.

Two linemen were telephoned for and climbed up. One got through the trap door when Tucker shut it and would not let the other up. He assaulted the lineman on the platform and they had a thrilling fight. Tucker tried to throw the lineman off, but the latter finally got in a blow with his nippers on Tucker's head, knocking him senseless. Tucker was then let down with a rope and taken to the police station.

CAN PROVE AN ALIBI.

So the Men Arrested for the Wratten Butchery Say.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., Oct. 10.—William Kays, a resident of Huntingburg, Dubois county; Alonzo Cincinnati Williams, and Oscar Brown, who reside near Washington, Daviess county, arrested Friday night by Sheriff John Cavanaugh and Marshal John Kellum, of Daviess county, on the charge of being the murderers of the Wratten family, near Washington, several days ago, and spirited to the penitentiary here to avoid being lynched, have been interviewed in the guard hall.

Each maintained his innocence and alleged that at the proper time he would be able to prove alibi. Neither of the three men knew he was suspected of the atrocious crime until the arrest. Williams said that since the crime was committed he had given diligent service to the end that the guilty parties would be apprehended. The same statement was made by Brown. Kays said that he had not been in Daviess county since he moved his family to Huntingburg several months ago.

HORRIBLE STORY BRIEFLY TOLD.

An Insane Rancher Kills His Wife and Daughter and Suicides.

HELENA, Mont., Oct. 10.—John Brandt, a rancher living in the eastern part of the state, in a fit of insanity almost severed his daughter's head from her body while she was sleeping. He then beat his wife to death with a hammer, and shot himself through the head. Another daughter, aged 17, awoke while her sister was being killed and managed to escape.

Think They Have a Train Robber.

CADILLAC, Mich., Oct. 10.—A stranger came here last Friday who registered as "Charles H. Smith, from nowhere." About the first thing he did was to buy a lot of revolvers, and he acted so suspiciously that the officers arrested him. Four revolvers, four gold watches, a pocket compass and other valuables were found on his person, while his two grips, both very heavy, were full of specie. The police believe the man is one of the Kendallville robbers. He will not say a word. When the officers arrested him he tried to use one of his revolvers.

Whitecaps Apply the Torch.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Oct. 10.—A special to The Commercial from Courtland, Ala., says: The large cotton gin and corn mill of Bynum & Co., near Courtland, was burned by whitecaps together with 700 bales of cotton, a large quantity of grain and cotton seed. Loss, $70,000.

Stage Robbers Get $3,100.

BALLINGER, Tex., Oct. 10.—Two highwaymen robbed the Ballinger and Robert Lee stage near the latter place in Coke county and got $3,100 out of the mail bags. Then they told the driver to drive east and remember Lot's wife.

Bank Robbers Arrested.

WAUPACA, Wis., Oct. 10.—The three men who robbed the bank at Halstad, Minn., on Sept. 25 last, have been found near this city. Two were captured, but the third escaped, and Sheriff Williams is still after him.

Murdered While Defending His Wife.

DRESDEN, Tenn., Oct. 9.—Bob Hudson, colored, was shot and killed while defending his wife, who was being whipped by whitecaps, who were all white.

Proceedings in Congress.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10.—Harris of Tennessee, in the senate, made a personal speech relative to criticisms of the Memphis Cotton and Merchants' exchanges on his course with reference to silver and said he would do as his conscience dictated and believed the people of Tennessee were with him. Wolcott spoke in favor of the resolution directing the finance committee to put into a bill the bimetallic declaration in the repeal bill. Voorhees, Teller, Morgan, Butler, Cockrell and others discussed the bill.

The house did nothing except debate the election law repeal bill. Aldrich, Dolliver, Bontelle and others spoke against repeal and Fitch of New York for repeal, closing the debate.

Located a Big Meteor.

TACOMA, Wash., Oct. 10.—A large meteor struck the earth about two miles west of Connell, eastern Washington. It fell about 300 yards from the Northern Pacific railway tracks and the trainmen on an extra freight were blinded by the brilliant light it made. The country for miles around was lighted up.

Only Two Men Lost.

AU TRAIN, Mich., Oct. 10.—The derelict fishing boat that was picked up in Lake Superior had but a crew of two on board, Willard A. Carpenter and his brother Edward. Willard Carpenter leaves a widow and four children here in destitute circumstances.

Vilas Says No Compromise.

MADISON, Wis., Oct. 10.—Senator Vilas is here and referring to the Sherman law repeal bill, says: "There will be no compromise. All the talk in that direction comes from anti-repeal men."

WON BY THE VIGILANT.

America Carries Off the Honors in the Second Race.

SANDY HOOK, N. J., Oct. 9.—Enthusiastic yachtmen found a finer prospect for a good sailing day when they started down the bay than either of the days last week set for the international races. It lacked but a few minutes to 8 o'clock when the tugs Commander and Pulver took hold of the racers and towed them down inside of Sandy Hook, where the sails of the respective boats were placed in position. The Vigilant, in tow, then proceeded slowly to the starting point. The Englishmen, however, cast off their tow lines and taking advantage of the breeze, sailed for the lightship with the intention, evidently, of seeing how their boat would behave.

At 8 o'clock the wind registered only eight miles an hour, but it steadily increased until at 10:30 it was blowing fresh from the southwest at eighteen miles, with a probability that there would be a twenty mile breeze for the boats. They started promptly on time, 11:25, the Valkyrie in the lead. The Vigilant had her jib topsail, club topsail, mainsail, forestaysail and jib spread. Valkyrie had club topsail, mainsail, forestaysail and jib. The Vigilant was one length astern at the start, but soon overhauled her English rival and kept the lead to the finish, beating the Valkyrie about thirteen minutes. The time of crossing the finishing line was: Vigilant, 2:50:30; Valkyrie, 3:03.

BISMARCK LEAVES KISSENGEN.

Thousands Turn Out to Bid Him Good-bye—He Appears Very Weak.

BERLIN, Oct. 9.—Prince Bismarck left Kissengen on a special train at 11:40 a. m. He drove with his wife in an open carriage to the station. The streets through which he passed were crowded, in many places almost to the carriage wheels. Thousands of excursionists went to Kissengen to bid the prince good-bye. Flags and flowers drooped the windows along the route.

From the time he stepped into the carriage until he alighted at the station the prince was cheered constantly. The railway station was decorated inside and outside with flowers. The public was not admitted, but an enormous crowd gathered in the open space behind the building. The front of the locomotive on the special train was covered with a large German flag and the director of traffic, in gorgeous uniform, rode with the engineer. All the stations between Kissingen and Friedrichsruhe are decorated. Bismarck looked weak and worried. He moved with difficulty and responded only feebly to the enthusiasm of the crowds.

RIO CITIZENS JOYFUL.

The Diplomatic Corps Decides to Land the Naval Forces.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—The Herald's Montevideo, Uruguay, special says: Information has just been received from Rio Janeiro to the effect that the crews in the foreign warships in the harbor there will only be landed to afford protection to persons of their respective nationalities who live in the city. The news that the diplomatic corps has determined no longer to ignore the dangerous state of affairs and has decided to land the naval forces spread with great rapidity through the city and produced almost frantic joy in all quarters.

The residents had been in such terror from the bombardment and the brutality of Peixoto's troops that they were panic stricken. They did not know what fresh outrage would be next or where the horrors would end. In this condition of affairs the announcement that blue jackets and marines from foreign ships will be sent ashore is hailed with unbounded delight and has given rise to the first feeling of security that has been known in the capital for many days.

Nominations of New York Democrats.

SARATOGA, N. Y., Oct. 6.—At the second day's session of the New York Democratic convention, after the credentials committee had reported and the platform was adopted, the following ticket was nominated: For secretary of state, Cord Meyer; for controller, Frank Campbell; for state treasurer, Hugh Duffy; for attorney general, Simon W. Rosendale; for state engineer, Martin F. Schenck; for judge of the court of appeals, Isaac H. Maynard. The convention then adjourned sine die.

New National Party.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 9.—The Post Dispatch gives the outline of a plan for a new national party, the outgrowth of the pan-American bimetallic convention recently held here. Free silver is to be the issue, and it is hoped to draw all the free coinage supporters from the old parties. A convention is to be held in Atlanta, Ga., in December, it is said, at which a permanent organization will be effected.

Yellow Jack at Brunswick.

BRUNSWICK, Ga., Oct. 9.—There were twenty-nine cases of yellow fever reported—twenty-six colored and three white. No deaths. Miss Ida Burchard on St. Simons islands has yellow fever but is not yet officially reported. Dr. Tuten has fever at Jessup. Surgeon Murray is at quarantine station investigating rumors of small-pox on board a vessel there. Weather fair and warm.

Was Tired of a Ruined Life.

ABILENE, Tex., Oct. 9.—D. M. Cade, a once wealthy man, brought to vagrancy by dissipation, was locked up for drunkenness. The prisoners were allowed to shave themselves Saturday, and when it came Cade's turn to use the razor, he slit his throat with it from ear to ear.

Nebraska State Conventions.

OMAHA, Oct. 5.—The Democratic state convention at Lincoln nominated Frank Irvine of Omaha for supreme judge. The Republican convention, which met the day following the Democrating convention, nominated T. O. C. Harrison of Grand Island for supreme judge.

Johnstown Given a Clean Bill.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—Surgeon General Wyman of the Marine hospital service received a dispatch from Surgeon Carter stating that he had inspected Johnstown, Ga., and found it free from yellow fever.

After the Corbett-Mitchell Fight.

VICKSBURG, Miss., Oct. 9.—The Metropolis Athletic club of this city, being eager to secure the proposed Corbett-Mitchell fight, offers a purse of $50,000 for the contest to take place in its arena.

Mills Resume Operations.

LAWRENCE, Mass., Oct. 9.—The Lower Pacific mills, which have been closed since Aug. 11, have started up in all its departments. There will also be a reduction in wages.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

BRIEF ITEMS OF INTEREST TO ILLINOIS READERS.

Telegraphic Events Occurring Throughout the State Put in a Condensed Form—A Record of a Week's Most Interesting News.

OAKLAND, Ills., Oct. 6.—At Canaan Robert Jones and May Williams went to the Adventist parsonage to be married. The Rev. Mr. Wilson happened to be away from home, so they awaited his arrival on the train from Charleston, where he was holding a meeting. A number of boys of the town concluded that it would be a nice thing to give the couple a belling, and, not waiting until the ceremony was completed, proceeded to the residence and set up the din. When the minister arrived the boys continued the racket and it is said did so during the ceremony so that the words could scarcely be heard either by the guests or the minister himself.

Completing his duties Mr. Wilson determined to rouse them, and seeing a pan of scalding hot water on the stove, picked it up and walked to the door to throw it over them, as he says. On the porch near the door was Gene Tiaron beating a bass drum, and when the door opened he turned his face in that direction to see who was coming. Mr. Wilson, as soon as he opened the door, dashed the water and let it go straight into the eyes of young Tiaron. His eyes and face were frightfully scalded, the rim around both eyes peeled off, and is feared the sight of both will be destroyed.

Liquor Dealers Sued.

OTTAWA, Ills., Oct. 5.—Ambrose Betting, a saloon keeper of Leland, has filed a suit for $10,000 damages against the State Liquor Dealers' Protective association, of which he was a member. He was defeated in all the courts in a suit brought by the widow of a man killed by the cars, it is alleged, after drinking in his place, his expense being over $5,000, which he says the association agreed to pay. The officers of the association say they have already paid $3,000 for him and will pay no more because of the fact that he deceived them as to the evidence in the case.

Brutal Father's Crime.

ROCKFORD, Ill., Oct. 7.—Cyrus Miller, a prominent resident of Pecatonica, was brought here and bound over to the grand jury. Miller was arrested by the Humane society for beating his young son over the head with a board with nails protruding from it, dragging him around with a log-chain attached to his neck, and locking him up in the cellar for a day and a half, all for a trivial offense.

Didn't Like Her Part.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Oct. 5.—Lillian Lewis, the actress, created a sensation at Chatterton's opera house at rehearsal by shooting herself in the arm. The shot was for the purpose of scaring her husband, Manager Marsden, who cast her for a character in "La Tisba" which she did not like. The wound was a slight one and did not interfere with the evening performance.

Dispute Over Property Rights.

RED BUD, Ill., Oct. 7.—David Dusell shot Peter Eisenauer in the forehead with a shot gun, tearing away the scalp and so fracturing the skull that Eisenauer, who is lying unconscious, will die. The trouble arose over disputed property rights. Dusell is closely guarded to prevent lynching by friends of the dying man.

Grand Army Reunion at Vandalia.

VANDALIA, Ills., Oct. 5.—The first reunion of the Fayette County Veterans' association was held in this city. Assistant State Adjutant Spink of the Grand Army, and Colonel Moore spoke in the forenoon. The afternoon exercises consisted of a parade and an address by ex-Department Commander Harlan.

Monday a Legal Holiday.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Oct. 5.—Governor Altgeld has issued a proclamation declaring Oct. 9 a day of thanksgiving for the restoration of the city of Chicago from the ruins of the great fire, and making it a legal holiday.

Robbers near Mascoutah, Ills., not only took all the money—a small amount—a farmer named Amos Carlin had about him, but deprived him entirely of sight by knocking out his single eye with a club.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

Second Day's Session of Their Congress at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Oct. 9.—Despite the unparalleled exodus to Jackson park there were a thousand, more or less, of Christian souls who preferred the work of their Master in preference to participation in the joyous festivities of Chicago day at the World's fair. These congregated in the Hall of Columbus at the Art palace, where a service of prayer and praise conducted by Dr. Prochet of Italy occupied the hour from 8 to 9 o'clock. Following the singing of the doxology the second day's session of the world's congress of the Evangelical alliance was opened with a general discussion upon the religious condition of protestant Christendom. Among the speakers were Colonel L. Nephen of the Netherlands; Professor Jean Bracy of Vassar college; Rev. M. Falk Gfentsen of Scandinavia. There was no afternoon session. At night Bishop Fowler of the Methodist church spoke upon religious liberty and the progress of mankind.

Ocean Record Lowered Again.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—The Cunard steamship Lucania, the new ocean record-breaker, reached her pier early in the morning. The Lucania lowered the previous record held by the Paris by thirty-minutes, and created a marvelous record for a single day's run by reeling off 560 miles. Her time from Queenstown to Sandy Hook was five days, thirteen hours and forty-five minutes. Her log was 452 miles, 503, 542, 508 and 210 to Sandy Hook. Her average speed during the voyage was 24.70 miles an hour.

Thousands of Wealthy Jews Exiled.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 9.—Father H. Crippins Hencharenk, a Russian exile known here as the patriot priest, is the principal authority for the statement that 22,000 Russian Jews, all men of wealth, have been exiled by the czar and are coming to America, a large proportion of them intending to settle on the Pacific coast.

To Build Fortifications.

ROME, Oct. 9.—The Italia, which usually is authoritative in military affairs, says the minister of war intends to ask the chamber for a large grant with which to build fortifications in the Alps and Sardinia.

THE NEWS CONDENSED

Items of Interest Boiled Down for the Busy Reader.

Steps have been taken in Michigan to test the right of women to vote at school and town elections.

Thieves infest the vicinity of Oakland, Ills. Several persons have been held up and many houses entered.

Twelve leading residents near Columbus, Ind., have been indicted by the grand jury for cruelly whipping a woman.

Frank Cawley badly whipped two men before he could be subdued and taken back to the insane asylum at Racine, Wis.

Fully 10,000 men are idle in the Mahoning valley, O., and many are suffering for the necessaries of life.

The statistics of the Indiana yearly meeting of Orthodox Friends show a membership of 17,442, with 146 churches and 188 recorded ministers. They show an increase in membership during the year of 664.

Richard A. Proctor's body was taken from the obscure spot in Greenwood cemetery and transferred to the tomb erected by George W. Childs, the philanthropist.

* * *

The Sioux City Journal fitly terms George W. Childs the Abou Ben Adhem of America.

Rev. Father Rademacher has been installed as bishop of the Fort Wayne, Ind., diocese. The ceremonies were largely attended.

One of the Staunton, Ind., men arrested for attempted train wrecking has confessed, implicating many others.

It is estimated that 2,000 persons were killed and property worth $5,000,000 destroyed by the recent gulf storm in Louisiana.

Professor Garner, who is monkeying with gorrillas and chimpanzees in the wilds of Africa, calculates that he will get back home in December. He expects to have several exceptionally fine specimens with him.

Oscar Darnell of Jamestown, Ind., shot and stabbed Miss Tillie Major and then killed himself. Jealousy caused it.

Miss Van Houten has been awarded $40,000 damages in her breach of promise suit against Asa P. Morse of Boston.

English and German merchants in Mexico, fearing a loss of trade, have been falsifying the fair to keep visitors away.

* * *

Governor Altgeld has restored John McDonald to citizenship. He was sentenced from Cook county for manslaughter.

By the explosion of a blast at Clinton, Ind., Andrew Lipps, a boy, was killed, and Billy Brown, a miner, fatally injured.

Two sections of a freight train collided on Pattinger's Creek bridge, near New Haven, Ky. Engineers Burke and Higgins were buried in the wreck.

Governor Peck of Wisconsin has appointed Joseph M. Morrow of Sparta circuit judge of the Sixth district, to succeed Jugde A. F. Newman, who resigned last week to take a position on the bench of the supreme court.

Four of the family of C. H. Bassett, living near Emporia, Kan., were poisoned by eating headcheese. The father and daughter are not expected to live.

Ten indictments were returned at Columbus, Ind., against Alderman Frank Miller for forgery. His alleged forgeries exceed $10,000. He has been located in Texas.

* * *

The Boynton who got into trouble at Rio Janeiro while trying to sink a rebel ship with a torpedo boat was not Boynton the diving suit man, but Dr. C. E. Boynton, a son of the late Enoch Boynton, of Cleveland.

Mrs. Bridget Gunn, of Eau Claire, Wis., sued the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha railway for damages for the death of her husband on that road while at work for the company and a jury has awarded her $3,500.

In a football game between the University of Michigan club and the Detroit Athletics, the university won—6 to 0.

In the billiard match at New York between the American champion Ives and the English champion Roberts, the latter won by 1,623 points. The match was for 10,000 points and took a week to play.

Jefferson Wallace, of Richmond, Va., has challenged to mortal combat President Bryan, of the Times Newspaper company, because of an item in the paper. Bryan had Wallace arrested for sending the challenge.

Daisy Sanders, of Wamego, Kas., stepped from one railway track to another to avoid a locomotive and was cut to pieces by another locomotive which she had neither seen nor heard.

* * *

At Keats, Kan., two trains on the Rock Island railway collided, and Mail Carrier Lancaster was killed; George Casteaion, fireman, was fatally hurt, and both engineers and a brakeman injured severely.

There is a prospect for gory news from Africa soon. The Matabeles, a powerful and warlike tribe, are marching on the British settlements, and the British troops are preparing for the fray.

The diplomatic corps at Rio Janeiro is reported to have notified Peixoto that if he does not retire from Rio the corps will recognize the rebels as belligerents.

Large as a Dollar

Were the scrofula sores on my poor little boy, sickening and disgusting. They were especially severe on his legs, back of his ears and on his head. His hair was so matted that combing was sometimes impossible. His legs were so bad that sometimes he could not sit down, and when he tried to walk his legs would crack open and the blood start. Physicians did not effect a cure. I decided to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two weeks the sores commenced to heal up; the scales came off and all over his body new and healthy flesh and skin formed. When he had taken two bottles of

Jos. Ruby.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

he was entirely free from sores." HARRY E. RUBY, Box 356, Columbia, Pennsylvania.

HOOD'S PILLS are a mild, gentle, reliable, safe and efficient cathartic. Always reliable. 25c.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 14, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—M. Coquelin and Mme. Jane Hading.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Sinbad."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Henry Irving and Ellen Terry.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Brotner John."

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kiralfy's Grand Spectacle, "America."

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.
Sixty-third street, Opposite World's Fair—Congress of Rough Riders of the World. Open every day, rain or shine.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, betweet Dearborn and Clark—"Lady Windermere's Fan."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"Yon Yonson."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Ole Olesen."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

CHICAGO DAY TRIUMPH AND THE "FOREIGN" ELEMENT.

Chicago Day made the good citizens of old New York see more stars than were ever laid bare to the astronomical gaze by the Lick telescope. Seven hundred and thirteen thousand people, at half a dollar apiece, inside one set of fences! Our daily contemporaries have been making comparisons between the crowd and the army of the late Xerxes, who died some 400 years before the birth of Christ. As the muster rolls of his army have, unfortunately, been lost, THE CITIZEN cannot pretend to verify the estimates of its enthusiastic contemporaries, and it is not in the habit of asserting that which it cannot prove to perfection. But why go back to Xerxes, who was, probably, an ancestor of our own bold Baron Yerkes? At the beginning of the century, it was estimated that three-quarters of a million of people used to annually assemble at the great fair of Ballinasloe—the Mouth of the Ford of Hosts, as the old chroniclers have it. When O'Connell, just fifty years ago, mustered all Leinster at the royal hill of Tara, it was estimated that from eight hundred thousand to a million stalwart Irishmen gathered around him. The poet, Thomas Davis, in his address to Hogan, the sculptor of O'Connell's statue, which now stands in Limerick, wrote—

And oh! how princely were the art
Could mould his mien or tell his heart,
When sitting sole on Tara's Hill,
While hung A MILLION on his will!

But Chicago Day, as a demonstration of local patriotism and sublime, unapproachable clannishness, such as made ancient Rome the mistress and civilizer of the world, has never been equalled, and, doubtless, will never be surpassed, except by ever advancing Chicago herself at some future, and not distant, day. It would seem, indeed, as if the spirit of old Rome was born again in this World's Fair city, by the adoption of her stately architecture and imperial vastness. Chicagoans may well be proud of it, and so also may all American citizens—even the editorial cranks of the New York *Sun*. Chicago is the representative American city, and the inexhaustible, glorious Northwest is the indestructible foundation of its greatness. Every farmer that sells a pound of produce in Chicago helps to build its superstructure. It is the mightiest food centre in the world, and while it so remains it can never take a step backward. Nature has been kind to Chicago, and man, the child of nature, has liberally aided that majestic mother in her noble work. All, or nearly all, the tribes of earth have contributed their share toward producing this modern marvel. Not Americans, native born, alone have done it all. The honors must, in justice, be divided.

Col. J. K. C. Forest, a native of Cork, and a man of large experience and positive opinions, is engaged just now in a brilliant controversy with the *Inter-Ocean*, on the question of nativism versus foreignism, as manifested in the influence of both elements in the wondrous social, political and commercial life of Chicago. Writing to the *Daily News* of Oct. 10, Col. Forrest says:

"Returning to this claim of the *Inter-Ocean* that the foreign element in the United States is but very faintly and imperfectly impressing itself upon the intellect and industry of the country, passing along West Madison street a Sunday or two ago I took note of the parties owning or renting the stores on each side of the thoroughfare for a couple of blocks east of Western avenue. To my surprise I found that a large majority of them were foreigners. An Englishman owns the finest block of buildings in that section of the city. The great majority of the store-keepers were English, Scotch, Irish, Germans and Italians. A subsequent examination of the same description disclosed the fact that, in reality, the foreign element is fast becoming the preponderating and dominating element in Chicago. Most certainly the native American element is no longer to be found in anything approaching large numbers in the various mechanical occupations of the country aside from that of agriculture. Formerly Chicago had a large number of American boys working as apprentices in the various trade callings of the day. They are not to be found in them now."

Col. Forrest might have added that the greatest business house on West Madison street, and, in its line, in the world, is that of John M. Smyth, an Irish-American, who has, as much as any individual of any race in this city, helped to make it what it is commercially. The leading dry goods establishment on the same street is that of P. F. Ryan & Co.; and, in fact, other examples are so numerous that it would be tedious to name them all.

We may add, however, that two of the greatest of Chicago's newspapers, the *Tribune* and the *Herald*, are controlled, the former by the son of Irish parents, who were natives of Monaghan, the Hon. Joseph Medill; and the other by John R. Walsh, born in Col. Forrest's native city of Cork. The latter gentleman, who is also a leading banker, is credited, too, with controlling the Chicago *Evening Post*. Melville E. Stone, who founded the extraordinarily successful *Daily News*, is an Irish-American, and is, at present, one of the leading officers of the Globe National Bank. We don't know whether any of the chief spirits of the *Inter-Ocean* are Irish-Americans, but Nixon is an Irish revolutionary name, famous in the annals of the Washington epoch. The energetic editor of the Chicago *Evening Dispatch*, Joseph R. Dunlop, is, we believe, half Scotch and half Irish by descent. William K. Sullivan, long editorially connected with the *Evening Journal*, and now one of its chief stockholders, is a native of the city of Waterford, in Ireland. Martin J. Russell, the chief editorial writer of the Chicago *Times*, and one of the brightest of American journalists, is the son of Irish parents. The *Staats Zeitung*, a great paper of the German race, is entirely controlled by the Hesing family, and is, of course, edited by Germans. Three of the leading breweries of the city are presided over by Irishmen, or their sons, namely the Cooke, Keeley and McAvoy companies. The rest are owned or controlled by Germans. The Hibernian Bank is presided over by the son of an Irishman. In fact, we could fill a volume with such illustrations, if it were necessary.

This does not argue, nor is it intended to argue, that the Anglo-Americans are in any way behind in commercial enterprise. It is only intended to show that the people of foreign birth, or immediate descent, settled here, have caught the American spirit, and are, therefore, as much Americans as those who claim a monopoly of that title.

Col. Forrest, in pursuit of his argument with the *Inter-Ocean*, gives the following statistical statement, by way of illustration, of the principal packing-houses at the stock yards:

"Armour & Co.,* Scotch-American—G. Sunderland, supt., American; S. Conway, asst. supt., Irish.

"Anglo-American Packing Co.* (Fowler Bros.) Irish—W. Clegg, supt., English; S. Cunningham, asst. supt., Irish.

"Swift & Co., American—S. Wilder, supt., American.

"Chicago P. & P. Co., American and English—W. J. Dee, pres. and manager, Irish; H. Burdick, supt., American.

"N. Morris & Co., German Hebrews—Mr. Smith, supt., German; John Palm, asst. supt., German.

"J. Cudahy & Co., Irish—J. Ward, supt., Irish.

"Jones & Styles,* American—W. Crow, supt., German.

"North American Packing C., American—W. Brown, supt., American.

"James G. Healy & Co.,* Irish—Irish superintendent.

"Allerton Packing Co., American—Mr. Robinson, manager, English; Mr. Moody, supt., American.

"Silberhorn & Co., Hebrews—F. Silberhorn, supt., Hebrew.

"J. C. Hately & Co.,* English—John Cooney, supt., Irish.

"T. J. Lipton & Co.,* English—W. Shields, supt., English.

"International & Wells Packing Co.,* English—† J. Roberts, supt., Irish; H. Boore, supt., English.

"†Beef department.

"*Those packers marked with an asterisk are manufacturers of English meats but not wholly so."

All these elements have done their full share in creating Chicago and in making Chicago Day what it was—the greatest numerical and financial popular demonstration of the age. Therefore, let us all, native and foreign born, jubilate together, without making any offensive distinctions.

THE JUDICIAL NOMINATIONS AND JUDGE GARY.

Both the Republican and Democratic county conventions have placed their tickets in the field as follows:

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Judge	Joseph E. Gary
"	John Gibbons
"	Henry V. Freeman
"	Edmund W. Burke
"	Abner Smith
"	Elbridge Hanecy
"	N. C. Sears
"	George W. Blanke
"	T. Henry Krafft
For County Commissioner	H. I. Ritter
" " "	Gus Lundburg
" " "	David Kallish
" " "	Richard Peacock
" " "	J. N. Cunning
" " "	Thomas McNichols
" " "	F. Zuttermeister
" " "	William Eisfeldt
For president of the county board	George Struckmann

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

Judge of Superior Court	John Barton Payne
" " "	Perry Trumbull
" " "	John W. Showalter
" " "	Edward Osgood Brown
Judge Circuit Court	Granville W. Browne
" "	Patrick McHugh
" "	Lawrence P. Boyle
Judge Circuit Court, to fill unexpired term of Judge Sugg	George Kersten
Judge Superior Court, to fill unexpired term of Judge Ketelle	Austin O. Sexton
Judge Circuit Court, to fill unexpired term of Judge Collins	William Prentiss
County Commis'ers (City)	Charles J. Byrne
" " "	John S. Clark
" " "	Francis E. Coyle
" " "	Henry Ebertshaeuser
" " "	Martin Emerich
" " "	Michael J. Kelly
" " "	James A. O'Connell
" " "	John G. Panoch

Both tickets comprise many excellent names, but the chief fight will, unmistakably, be made on Judge Gary, who has against him the gubernatorial, if not the mayoral, influence. The judge's position is unique in this, that he is recognized as a thoroughly honest, but inflexibly severe, administrator of the law, and thousands who do not entirely approve his Draconian interpretation of the law of conspiracy, will certainly vote for him as a rebuke to anarchy, which has no more business in our American political life than monarchy, and which is equally dangerous to popular institutions. THE CITIZEN was, and is, in favor of mercy to semi-political criminals, unless under circumstances of deliberate atrocity, where innocent lives are sacrificed or imperilled. It thought at the time, and it thinks now, that it would have been much better if Gov. Oglesby had commuted Parsons, Spies and Engel, as well as Fielden, who was quite as guilty, by word of mouth at least, as either of them. As for Lingg, he was a fanatic, incapable of being reasoned with, and he chose his own road to death. Fischer was very nearly of the same school. With their cases, severity should have ended. Judge Gary, however, was not the pardoning, or commuting, power. He interpreted the law as he found it, and, as THE CITIZEN sincerely believes, according to his conscientious recognition of the meaning of the existing law of conspiracy, which is, in itself, too drastic, and ought to be repealed or modified. To sacrifice him would be simply to encourage disorder and anarchy. The people of Cook county are not under any obligation to do this for the pleasure of any politician, of any party, be he small or great, and THE CITIZEN does not think they will do it. If the law is too severe, as we think it is, it ought to be, as we have said, remodeled; but the judge who interprets it, as it exists, should not be punished for keeping his oath of office.

Among the gentlemen nominated for judgeships, we observe upon the Republican ticket the name of our esteemed friend, the Hon. John Gibbons, and on the Democratic that of our old and ever faithful friend Mr. Patrick McHugh. These admirable American citizens would both do great credit to the ever creditable bench of Cook county.

DEATH OF CHARLES FREDERICK CLARKE.

Among the younger well known citizens of Chicago who have passed away in recent years, none is more sincerely mourned than Charles Frederick Clarke, late vice-president of the Hibernian Bank, and manager of its Savings department. He was born in this city on the 27th day of August, 1856, and was, consequently, in his 39th year at the period of his death, which occurred at 10 o'clock last Saturday morning, at his residence, No. 86 Aster place. His malady was pneumonia, superinduced by a cold which he caught during the changeable weather of the latter part of September, but nobody expected a fatal termination of his illness until the community was shocked by its announcement in the papers of last Sunday morning. He was so general a favorite, and apparently had so many years of health and happiness in prospect, that few could, at first, believe the mournful news. Five years ago he married Miss Louise Black, the beautiful daughter of the Hon. John Black, of Milwaukee, ex-mayor of that city. Mr. Clarke, who was a graduate of St. Ignatius College, became connected with his father's bank at the age of 18, and rose step by step, through sheer force of merit and industry. He was a strict business man, but was of so genial and unpretending a temperament that he was beloved by all who were brought in contact with him.

Mr. Clarke was appointed a member of the Lincoln Park board of commissioners by Gov. Altgeld, last spring, and took great pleasure in performing the duties of that office. He was a consistent advocate of the extension and beautification of that already magnificent public pleasure ground, and his advocacy will be missed by those who hope to make it the premier park of America.

The sympathy of the entire community goes out to the bereaved family of Mr. Clarke, whose grief only the soothing hand of time can assuage. Among his immediate relatives in this city is his sister, Mrs. Hempstead Washburne. The funeral occurred on Wednesday, the obsequies being held in the chapel of the Holy Name Cathedral, and the interment being at Calvary cemetery. An immense concourse of friends and neighbors paid the last tribute of respect to the deceased gentleman. Requiescat in Pace.

THE QUEEN'S OWN O'DRISCOLL.

The officials of the World's Fair gave a banquet at Music Hall, on their premises, last Wednesday evening, to "representatives of all nations." The British "Impire" was represented by Florence O'Driscoll, M.P., "royal commissioner." Oh, thunder an' ouns! This Queen's O'Driscoll made a speech in glorification of the "Impire" and its litter of colonies. This was placing the royal, loyal Irish on exhibition with a vengeance. And yet this Queen's Own O'Driscoll is a "Nationalist" member of parliament, and has a "sate" for some Cork or Kerry constituency! Oh, thunder and turf, what are we coming to, at all at all? Mr. O'Driscoll, by the way, has a head of hair the color of the surface of the planet Mars, and a boulevard, devil a less, runs right through the middle of it. The Lord save us from this Queen's O'Driscoll, his works and his pomps!

GLADSTONE AND THE "LORDS."

Mr. Gladstone delivered his long expected speech in regard to the recent action of the house of lords on the Home Rule bill before the Midlothian Liberal committee, at Edinburgh, on Sept. 27. His speech, although, of course, eloquent, was, in a political sense, decidedly disappointing. He admitted that, on the Home Rule issue, the lords are, practically, immovable, and he suggested no radical remedy for bringing them to terms. On the contrary, he rather outlined a long and wearisome agitation. The nearest approach he made to a spirited denunciation of the political action of the upper house was when he said that, "There is the third plea that the lords are entitled—indeed, I think they say bound by duty—to require a reference to the country. That is not constitutional. The doctrine of the constitution shows that if a responsible ministry advises a dissolution of parliament there ought to be a dissolution at the risk of the ministry; and the house of commons has power, which it has frequently exercised, to force a dissolution by vote. But no such thing has been recorded at any period of our history as a dissolution brought about by a vote of the house of lords. Such a contention is a gross, monstrous innovation, an odious, newfangled doctrine, and no men are fonder of these doctrines than the modern Tories, except it be the modern Unionists.

"But in addition to being a newfangled doctrine I hold that it is nothing less than high treason, if this is to continue to be a self-governing country. Let me put myself in the place of the house of lords. It says, have you a representative government? You as representatives of the people are returned to parliament to do the business of the country. It so happens that you are not a moribund parliament, but one of the freshest and youngest and most vigorous of parliaments, measured by willingness to encounter labor and make personal sacrifices. You are sent to do the business of the country for seven years. You have done that business for nearly a year. You have consulted the electors on all business, and have acted on the opinion of the country on the question of Irish government. Our claim is to step in between you and the country and to nullify the verdict of the country and send you back to your constituents instead of allowing you to prosecute the public business.

"Now let me humbly presume to speak for the house of commons. I should say we admit that the majority may misinterpret the voice and judgment of the country, though if we do misinterpret them we ought to be called to account by those entitled to call us to account—namely: The people of the country, invited by the crown and the ministers, in whose hands is lodged the prerogative of dissolution. What will happen if we misinterpret the judgment of the country? We will be sent to the right-about, and with perfect justice every Liberal will say, great as the evil is I infinitely prefer it to the other evil—namely: Intercepting the opinions of the country and attempting to contravene it by the use of some irregular, extraneous machinery."

Mr. Gladstone, we are informed by cable, before concluding his remarks, paid "a tribute of respect and admiration to the personal qualities of the peers, as individuals." Yes, the old gentleman is always invading the prerogatives of those who kiss the Blarney stone, for he might as well have paid a tribute of "respect and admiration" to the moral qualities of a billy goat as to those of the average British peer. There is a tremendous lot of dignified hypocrisy in this world. His concluding words have not the true ring of a foregone triumph in them. They are as follows:

"For my part I find this retrospect sufficiently encouraging. If the nation is determined it will not be baffled by a phalanx of 500 persons. We have the will of the country to execute; we cannot submit to the house of lords, although they bear high-sounding titles and sit in a gilded chamber. The next session will not pass without your seeing this subject again appearing above the waves where it has for the moment appeared to founder. The nation has given us the authority and propelled us on our course, and it is our duty and our hope and belief that we shall find, with the help of the Almighty, means to reach the goal."

NOTICE.

The subscribers, advertisers, and friends of THE CITIZEN in general, are hereby notified that Michael D. O'Brien is no longer connected with this paper in any capacity whatever.

MR. REDMOND'S THREAT.

John E. Redmond has raised Cain among the "trooly loil" in Great Britain, Ireland and this country, by declaring in a speech, delivered in Dublin on Monday, that he and his followers—nine in number—will vote against every British reform proposed by Gladstone, if the Home Rule bill is to be hung up for a year or two longer. THE CITIZEN, on general principles, applauds Mr. Redmond's spunk, but it would suggest to him that there are three British bills, which he and his confreres should heartily support, because two of them, at least, are quite as important to Ireland as to Great Britain, namely the "one man one vote bill" and the "amended registration bill." Out of gratitude and decency, the bill for Welsh disestablishment should also be supported unanimously by the Irish members of both factions. Outside of these three measures, THE CITIZEN sympathizes with the position taken by Mr. Redmond. To oppose the measures indicated would be to retard, not to advance the cause of Home Rule.

THE INFATUATION OF AUSTRIA.

[*Communicated.*]

One of the most extraordinary results of the policy of Prince Bismarck is the progressive effacement of Austria. After Sadowa, the Austrian emperor reformed completely his relations with his trans-Leithan dominions and abandoned his hold on Italy. Nor was this all. The contest between Prussia and Austria for Silesia, that was carried on by Frederick the Great, was finally decided to the disadvantage of the Austrians. And lastly, the struggle for the hegemony of Germany, which it was Bismarck's special mission to conduct, ended in the total expulsion of the House of Hapsburg from the imperial throne that had belonged to it for the greater part of 500 years.

All these enormous changes for the worse would have been sufficiently humiliating, but a deeper depth of degradation was in reserve. It consisted in chaining the Austro-Hungarian monarchy to the triumphant chariot-wheels of the Hohenzollern conqueror. Austria was forced into an alliance with Germany after Sedan, and every year since 1870, the slow but sure process, whereby Austria is being prepared and beslavered for swallowing by her former rival, goes unceasingly forward. The Dreibund is not the only method whereby Austria is being absorbed and assimilated. The Germanization of the Austrian states is unceasingly promoted.

The civil and political institutions of Austria are made to assume the German type. The Zollverein renders the two empires in a fair way to become very soon commercially one. The coins, measures, weights, railway gauge, and sanitary systems are rendered identical. The military organizations, mode of mobilization, and tactics and armaments of both empires are alike. The extradition treaty and secret police obliterate the frontiers. And while Germany everywhere fills the eye of the world, Austria is relegated to the same position as Italy—a dependent and subservient state. Count Beust struggled bravely against this destiny, but Bismarck sternly trampled him and his policy under an iron heel. The result is that Austria-Hungary presents the pitiable spectacle of a helpless prisoner going step by step to a doom that he has not the courage or the resolution to resist.

The capture of Silesia and the avulsion of the South German states from the influence of Austria is warning enough. Schleswig was also first ceded to Austria and then snatched back by Prussia. Under German influences the Austrian emperor is now warring with the Slavs of Bohemia and perhaps is stirring up a hornet's nest. Bohemia is a grand obstacle to the absorption of the German provinces of Emperor Francis Joseph. The persistent Germanization of that historic land will result in making it an easy prey for Germany in the near future. It is the great outlying fortress of the Austrian empire. When it ceases to be Czech it will cease to be Austrian; and with the annexation of Bohemia to Germany will go all the German-speaking states of the Hapsburg empire. If France, with Austria's aid, were once again thoroughly defeated, Germany would not be long in advancing her own frontier up to the Leith.

It is not disgrace enough for Austria to be forced into an offensive and defensive alliance with her late victor, and forced to carry out the military projects of the latter and assist in the defense of German interests rather than her own, but the added ignominy is placed on her of having to enter into an alliance with Italy, her natural foe, her late subject and her future betrayer. Furthermore, Austria is forced to neglect important matters that are vital to her, and forced to undertake enterprises that are of no consequence to her politics. For instance, through her alliance with Italy she is drawn into conflict with the Holy See. This is bad enough for a Catholic power, and especially bad for one which has always upheld the "temporal power," the continued suppression of which is Italy's only reason for entering the Dreibund. Again, Austria has no quarrel with France. It is of no benefit to her that Alsace-Lorraine should be ravished from the republic—she has nothing to fear from French attacks—and she never had so much to fear and to endure from France as from her beloved Prussian ally.

It may be said that Austria has a dread of Russia. But history disproves this notion. Russia never deprived Austria of territory, but, through Russia, Austria came into possession of Bosnia and Herzegovia. Russia aided the Austrian empire in suppressing the Hungarian rebellion, and thus—whatever we think of the morality of her action—became Austria's benefactor. Austria is not threatened by Russia, and could get on very well in the future, in perfect good neighborhood, with her former friend. No matter how one looks at it, Austria has much to lose and nothing to gain, except disgrace, through her close connection with Germany and Italy.

If she were to cut loose from the Dreibund what might happen? Then she would be in a position to resume her former very friendly relations with Russia. The question of the Balkan peninsula can readily be settled through an agreement between those powers. The principle of dividing that region from north to south by a line coinciding with the eastern frontier of Servia, and arranging that west of this line should be Austria's sphere of influence, and east of the line Russia's, would lead to an amicable adjustment of the differences of the two empires, and give Austria the coveted port of Salonica. At the cost of a bloody war this division is likely to be effected; but it might just as easily be settled by friendly negotiation. It is not possible for this settlement to take place during the existence of the Dreibund, because Germany has views and ambitions opposed to it. Germany is to be a conquering empire, in the plans of her rulers. She is to annex Holland, control Belgium, and cut another slice from France. She is to absorb not only the "North German peninsula"—that is, Jutland, but also the whole of Denmark, and, on account of the Teutons and Scandinavians having the same mythology, Sweden and Norway are marked out for future annexation. The advance of Germany southwards will be simultaneous. She will begin with Bohemia and from this point of vantage she will use the same arguments about the German-speaking provinces of Austria as applied to Alsace and Lorraine: they must be "restored" to the Fatherland. Eventually the whole Balkan peninsula is to be German territory, and probably Egypt will be required as the hinderland of German East Africa!

W.

IRISH WORKS OF ART.

Irishmen will have an early opportunity of obtaining works of art which has not hitherto occurred. All the works of art exhibited in Donegal Castle will be sold. Among these are paintings by such well known Irish artists as Rose Barton McGuinness, Williams, Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Miller; copies of statues, busts and medallions by Bruce Joy; engravings of Irish crosses by O'Neill; sketches of Irish life by Paul Renouard, engravings of Irish scenery and Irish worthies; a gallery of portraits of great Irishmen; Tara, fibula and Celtic gold jewelry by West, of Dublin; altar furnishings by McLoughlin of Dublin; fine laces, beautiful embroideries, Celtic crosses, etc. Such a collection of Irish art and industry as Mrs. Hart has brought together in Donegal Castle has never been seen before in this country, and there is here a rare opportunity of procuring examples of work which is characteristic, but which is yet so little known, of the old country.

THIS is a great time for Ireland. In this city now, we have the Queen's O'Connors, the Queen's O'Driscolls, the Queen's Blakes and the Queen's Shanks! Next!

Ye Blakes and O'Driscolls, whose fathers were flung
From the shores of their isle, like a forkful of —— (Well, no matter.)
Spirit of Moore! forgive us.

MR. HARRY J. POWERS, of Hooley's, is about the happiest man in town. Mrs. Powers presented him, on Friday Day, with a splendid boy baby. THE CITIZEN congratulates all concerned most heartily.

THE sudden death of Treasurer Henry DeWolf, of the Illinois Central railroad, is deeply lamented by the community. He was a man of energy, integrity and a high order of executive ability.

FRANK REYNOLDS DEAD.

He Was an Irishman, Who Lived in Paris and Sold Refreshments to All the World, Including Russian Archdukes, Marshals of France and English Jockeys.

He Will Be Missed From the Chosen Rendezvous of All the Bohemians of Europe and America in the French Capital.

[*United Ireland, Sept. 23.*]

The tidings of the death of Reynolds, of Paris, came upon me with a shock of pain and surprise. There had been no previous hint of his failing health, so the announcement took an old friend quite aback. For nigh a quarter of a century I had known him, having met him first at a St. Patrick's revel in the Imperial heyday in the electric city. Again, I sat with him on a bench of the boulevard during a few hours of chilly sunshine about the middle of the weary siege. He had his rifle in hand, for he was returning from drill, and was in uniform, as everybody was then. He was on short rations—as everybody was then, I might add—and we parted even without the solace of a drink. Each was shut up in his own trouble. A famished garrison has small sympathy to spare. Years passed and I wandered much, but made stoppage in my journeys at Paris when I could, and fixed it as a rule to drop in at the Irish-and-American bar in the Rue Royale, for it was a sort of home-corner in the foreign capital, a haunt of cronies from the queerest points of the compass—as great a storehouse of gossip and "divarsion" as a blacksmith's forge. And now the landlord himself is gone, and many will miss him sorely.

One, at least, will—his Celtic welcome, his smile made meaning with a sly questioning shake of the head, his playful badinage. Every forenoon during the last Exhibition I used to call in for a friendly chat and a glance at the Irish papers, but the chat generally resolved itself into a goblet of Bordeaux or a glass of Kummel and a sedative puff at a Manilla cheroot. On special occasions the northern liqueur was changed into an insinuation of "Paddy's Eye-Water" from Reynold's private vineyard near King Harman's place! What merry seasons were these in the volatile air of the broad busy thoroughfare between the flower-market and the fountains screening the Luxor obelisk. What waggish pranks Harry Coward got off at the expense of the surly—Harry, fresh-featured and white-whiskered, finest of four-in-hand whips, deep in the secrets of the intimate Empire, who was always wasting for a race in immaculate white flannels or dashing in upon us in the most resplendent garb of a Franconi chevalier. Poor Harry! He was killed by the kick of a favorite horse, and was cremated at his own desire at Pere la Chaise, having been arrayed for that function in evening clothes and a top hat.

How we heartily laughed at the big Irishman, who entered on his way and quietly helped himself, without ever thinking of payment, to a slice of the inviting ham on the counter. By Reynolds' instructions the ham was always carefully put aside, and carefully replaced in the accustomed spot for the hungry gentleman's next visit. A day arrived and the ham was reduced to a bare shank, whereat the big Irishman complained at such a disgraceful joint being exhibited in such a respectable house. How our midriffs were tickled at that extraordinary character, "*la sacre General*," rebuking Benamo, the circus rider, for having asserted that he had once driven forty horses at Moscow. "You are given to boasting, like your profession, sir. I was there and I counted them, there were but thirty-nine." At different periods of the day the bar its *clientele*, most outlandish, distinctly marked, each set using its own form of speech, and enjoying its own jokes, but all pervaded by a latent joyous kindness like a breath of humor from the Irish hills and that glorious equality of the Seine which makes every man look straightly in every other man's face. It was more than a rendezvous for customers, it was a microcosm, and the cheery voice with its assumed martial bluffness called out "*terrasse*" to the sleepy waiters as a seat was taken under the awning outside—mayhap by a jockey from Chantilly, mayhap by a grand-duke from Cronstadt.

Let me try to recall those whom one happened on at various hours—say at morning, noon, evening, night. Morning: neighbors to wish "*bon jour*," bourgeois of the district, tourists from the insular side of the silver streak. Noon: trainers and horsey men, Frenchmen of the upper class with a slight knowledge of English anxious for tips, and a few of the resident Irish colony. Evening: priests, voyagers from Bordeaux, casuals and sundry of the Parisian crowd. Night: a mixtumgatherum of Bohemians of various crafts, poets, vocalists, journalists and painters, votaries of the art of killing time pleasantly, blent with more than the usual proportion of holiday seekers from the green isle. Then does the elderly Italian Louise, retained on the establishment as Herr von Joel was at Evans', swing accompaniments on her accordeon to the most Irish of melodies, masterfully sung sometimes, and occasionally break into quicker strains as some wild lad, a glorified tailor perhaps—for this, as I have said, was the land of equality—unravels his legs in dance. Happy, boisterous, but orderly reunions! Now and again, at certain epochs of the year, are irruptions of particular classes—at the Auteuil races, when the Irish division gathers to back the Irish horse; at the vacations of the Irish college when ecclesiastical students are in evidence; and in the parliamentary recess when Home Rule advocates seek a short restorative at Paris for jaded nerves.

The Irish-and-American bar, which displays a green flag with a golden sunburst rising from the middle, has its traditions. Outside Parnell sat one evening and quaffed his modest zoedone as he watched the passing throng. On that high bench a brother of the Czar, disguising himself as Monsieur Romain, nibbled his cheese of Chesire and washed it down with whisky of Dublin. There Marshal MacMahon sipped his bitter curacoa, and inside Ira Payne, greatest revolver-shot in the world, entertained his chum, the large-hearted dentist, before his calamitous, sudden spasms of dissolution. How many notable people have I not encountered there of divers degrees and aims—United States ministers and Surinam gold-miners; William O'Brien, J. J. O'Kelly, and genial Pat O'Hea; Daubray, the famous comedian of the Palais Royal; Crawford, the decorated Doyen of Paris correspondents; Chris Cullen, his arm in a sling after losing a steeplechase; Major Burke, "Arizona John," his cheek beautified by a scar of honor; that handsome dare-devil, Lombard Tanner; Colonel Dan Boone, the lion-tamer, who carries an amulet in the shape of a gold shamrock in his pocket; and others who flit across the field of memory. And poor Francis Brady Reynolds presided over each and all of the symposia.

Cham, the celebrated caricaturist of *Charivari*, was one of his oldest friends. Cham, so called because he was the second son of the Vicomte de Noe, was passing through the human pound of the Orangerie one day when so many unfortunates were huddled there under suspicion of being Communists. Reynolds was among them, and something in his face struck the shrewd Parisian. "You are not French?" he said. "No," answered Reynolds, "I speak English." "Your name?"—in English this time—continued Cham. He was told it. "Ha! Reynolds, the great portrait painter—descendant perhaps?" and the lank, generous-souled, true-fibred nobleman, who saw that the prisoner was no more a Communist than he, exerted his influence, and our countryman was saved—certainly from New Caledonia, possibly from a fusillade.

Cham wakes no more hilarity, nor will Reynolds. After a lengthened career in that restless city of riotousness and grasping and allurements—in the course of which he conducted himself in a worthy, thrifty, respectable way—he has gone, leaving an untarnished reputation behind him.

He died in Dublin, near his own people. That is a comfort; for within that slight form was a bold, loyal spirit; loyal to friendship and to country, and strengthened with the comely virtues of kindliness, integrity and industry.

His love of Ireland was pure, his faith in her future was steadfast. It is well he lies in her soil.

As I could not lay a spray of flowers on his grave, I dedicate these lines to his memory; for I am, indeed, sorry for him, and do most sincerely pray—God rest his soul!

JOHN AUGUSTUS O'SHEA.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARY O'DONNELL.

An amiable and worthy lady departed this life in the person of Mrs. Mary O'Donnell, whose death took place recently at her residence, No. 365 West Thirteenth street. Some months ago a complaint that terminated fatally seized on the deceased, and all that loving attention and devoted kindness could accomplish failed to prolong her exemplary life. Mrs. O'Donnell was a native of county Tipperary, and belonged to an ancient and respected Irish family who constantly cherished the national characteristics of their race, and in venal and sordid times gave testimony of a spirit of patriotic self-sacrifice and self-abnegation. Her early life was spent among the matchless scenery of the far-famed Premier county, and in later years she was wont to speak of the proverbial mirth and joy that in her youthful days was deemed essential to joyful existence. Deceased was 70 years old at the time of her death and had a vivid recollection of the heroic '48 period, when the thrilling oratory, inspiring poetry and brilliant writings of the incomparable Young Irelanders illumined the soul of the nation and kindled the fires of national revolt against odious English usurpation. Mrs. O'Donnell was possessed of a genial happy disposition, rare wit, strong faith, marked virtue and was engrossed with love for her family and with her efforts to guide them in the ways of honor and virtue. She died a true Christian death, and believing that eternal happiness is the reward of righteousness, hoped to reach

"That cherished land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign.
Infinite day excludes the night
And pleasures banish pain."

Mrs. O'Donnell leaves a numerous and estimable family from whom she was the recipient of well deserved filial honor and love, and by whom she will be long and affectionately remembered. After high mass was celebrated at St. Charles' church for the repose of the soul of the deceased, her remains were interred at Calvary cemetary, and the large attendance at the funeral testified to the love and remembrance of a legion of friends. May her soul enjoy eternal happiness. Among those present at the funeral were: Messrs. Timothy O'Donnell, Jas. O'Donnell, Michael O'Donnell, John Murray, Michael Murray, Maurice Murphy, Michael Cooney, Poter Carney, Miss May O'Donnell, Mrs. James W. Moore, Mrs. Crimmins, Mrs. Martin, the Misses Hickey and Mrs. Farrell.

J. W. M.

CHICAGO'S TRIUMPH.

[*Buffalo Catholic Union and Times, Sept. 28.*]

It must make the average Chicago citizen choleric to the core to remember now that the World's Fair is acknowledged to be one of the greatest successes of the century, how the petty jealousy of nearly every other city in the country did its level best to render if possible the Exposition a failure. But in spite of everything, Chicago pluck, enterprise and money carried to a triumphant completion an accomplishment which has reflected glory on the whole United States. To hear enthusiasts now prating about "what a great people *we* are" and attempting to absorb the credit of Chicago's achievement is calculated to afflict the inhabitants of the Western Metropolis with a large surplus of "that tired feeling." *They* are the people; it is their fair; the success, the glory and the splendor belongs to them. The niggardliness of the general government has rendered every claim to credit on the part of any other state or city than Illinois or Chicago, mendacious and absurd. The whole country did its little meanest to prevent Chicago scoring a triumph and failed. The motto "I Will" borne on Chicago's banner swept everything before it, and the result is a dream of beauty at Jackson Park such as makes Venice in the height of her glory cheap and commonplace.

Besides material splendor, there has been radiated also an intellectual brilliancy whose rays will illumine many a year to come. The cosmopolitan character of the various congresses which have met in that city, the interchange of conflicting thoughts, beliefs and opinions, the blending of international courtesies, the universal brotherhood of mankind as there exemplified, all contribute to render the World's Fair a landmark in human history.

To Europe and Asia our Exposition has been an education, a revelation. The architectural magnificence of the buildings, the unequaled water effects, the enchanting vistas, the complete artistic unity of design in all its ramifications, have opened the eyes of those who thought the United States was merely a commercially successful but wofully crude country. These men will carry back to the older continents a story that will sound like a tale from fairyland and make the elder nations gaze with wistful eyes across the severing oceans to the realm of Liberty, "enthroned between her subject seas."

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Rldire na Cleasa.

Aonsan t-sean-aimsir bhi duine-uasal ann. Ni raibh acht aon mhac amhain aige, agus nuair d'fhas an t-gánach suas chuaidh an t-athair ag tóruighseacht mná dhó. Thainig sé go teach feilméara a raibh inghean le pósadh aige agus d'iarr sé air an bhfeilméar a inghean do thabhairt d'á mhac mar chéile. Dubhairt an feilméar leis nach dtiobhradh sé a inghean do fhear air bith acht d' fhear-ceirde. Bhi mac an dhuine uasail i ngrádh le h-inghin an fheilméara agus dubh. airt sé le n-a athair, "Caithdh mé ceird fhóghlaim, agus fanfaidh inghean an fheilméara liom.' An lá air na mháraoh d'imthigh an t-athair agus an mac agus bhidheadar ag imtheacht go d-tángadar go bruach na fairrge. Chonnaire siad fear air luing, d'fhiafruigh sé dhiobh creud do bhi siad ag tóriugheacht. "Tá mé tóriughseacht fir a mhdinfeadh céird do m' mhac," ar san t-athair. "Má léigfidh tá liom-sa é," ar san Ridire, "mdinfidh mise céird dó, agus bhéarfaidh mé aris duit é, faoi cheann lá agus bliadhain." "Táim sásta" ar san t-athair. Do thug an Ridire Cormac (b'é sin ainm mhic an duine uasail) air bord luinge. Thóg sé an crann seóil agus chuir amach go fairrge. Budh fhear-draoighseachta an Ridire, agus nuair chuaidh sé tamall amach do bhuail sé builie de'n talaitin-draoighseachta air Chormac, agus rinne sé poc gabhair dé. Rug sé leis é go d-tángadar chum oiléáin air an bhfairrge. Bhi teach dá bhuachaill deug eile air feurma ag an Ridire. Chuaidh Cormac air agaidh go maith, go raibh an bhliadhain eriochnaighthe agus bhi cuid mhaith draoighseachta fóghlamtha aige.

[LE BEITH LEANTA.]

THE ORCHARD ON THE HILL.

Grandfather's home!—that dear old place,
A house with gables wide
Embowered in trees, a great red barn
With haystacks at its side,
A brook spanned by a rustic bridge,
A gloomy, rumbling mill,
And set against a dreamy sky
An orchard on a hill!

Oh, every summer I go there,
When school is out, to stay;
I look for hen's nests, drink new milk,
And tumble on the hay.
Grandfather is the best of men—
He lets me start the mill—
And oh, the pippins growing in
The orchard on the hill!

Grandmother's old, too, but so sweet!
She's sprightly, though she's gray;
She feeds the chickens, milks the cows,
And churns, 'most every day,
Such yellow butter! And her pies
The pastry-cupboard fill;
They're made of yellow harvests from
The orchard on the hill.

Across the farm I love to run,
Through fields of grass and grain,
And fight the thistles by the brook,
The mulleins in the lane.
I love the dear old garden set
With rosemary, rue and dill;
But best of all, and most of all,
The orchardo n the hill!

Oh, the berries from the briers!
Oh, the melons green and gold!
We put them in the spring-house
To make them good and cold;
And from the beehives, now and then,
A honey-bowl we fill,
To sweeten our baked quinces from
The orchard on the hill.

At night grandfather tells me tales
Of long and long ago,
Grandmother knits and knits and smiles
To see her stocking grow,
While all outdoors it is so calm,
So dusky and so still,
And then the moon rolls up behind
The orchard on the hill.

At nine o'clock we have our prayer,
And then I go to bed,
Away off in the darkest room,
And cover up my head,
'Most scared to death and listen to
The lonesome whippoorwill
Calling to its mate across
The orchard on the hill.

—*Maurice Thompson in October St. Nicholas.*

All Ocean Records Beaten by the New Twin Screw Cunarder Lucania.

The new Cunard Steamship Lucania dropped anchor at quarantine at 10:55 o'clock Friday night last, beating all previous records. She left Queenstown at 1:15 p. m., Oct. 1, and was signalled off the Sandy Hook lightship at 10:05 o'clock Friday night, Oct. 6, thus making the run in the phenomonal time of 5 days, 13 hours and 45 minutes, which completely eclipses all former records and makes this magnificent floating palace the indisputable sovereign of the ocean.

C. O. F. Entertainment.

There will be an entertainment under the auspices of Court No. 286 Catholic Order of Foresters, at Apollo Hall, Blue Island avenue and Twelfth street, on Friday evening, the 20th inst. There will a varied literary and musical programme. Addresses will be delivered by Father L. J. Cunningham, John F. Finerty and others.

THE CITIZEN is glad to observe the signal triumph in musical instruments achieved at the World's Fair by the two foremost musical houses of Chicago, the W. W. Kimball Co. and Lyon & Healy. The victory won by these two splendid firms reflects glory on this city and America at large.

Niagara Falls.

Next to the World's Fair, all our foreign friends want to see Niagara Falls, and in the minds of many, Niagara Falls is placed first. One of the first questions they ask an American either at home or abroad is about Niagara, but to many of us Niagara Falls is too near. Were it on the other side of the world, thousands of American globe trotters would hasten there, who pass it by now because they can go there any time.

The Michigan Central has made it, perhaps, too easy of access, for its through trains to New York and Boston run directly by and in full view of the great cataract, and those passing by daylight stop five minutes for passengers to view the Falls. The wise traveller, however, will stop over there as long as his time will permit, to view the beauties and the grandeur of the Falls under different aspects and from various points of view. The longer he stops the more he will find to repay him for whatever expenditure of time and money he incurs.

T. Shea, Tailor.
374 W. Madison-st.

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60. also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

The First National Bank
OF CHICAGO.

Statement of Condition Oct. 3, 1893.

ASSETS.

Loans and discounts		$14,882,075.54
Bank building and other real estate		650,000.00
U. S. bonds (par value)		97,250.00
Other bonds		1,250,007.20
Premiums paid		8,429.40
CASH RESOURCES:		
Due from banks (Eastern Exchange)	$3,094,481.23	
Checks for Clearing House	1,239,962.20	
Cash on hand	10,500,595.79	
Due from U. S. Treasurer	36,250.00	14,971,289.22
		$31,829,212.06

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$3,000,000.00
Surplus fund	3,000,000.00
Other undivided profits	551,457.95
Dividends	17,747.00
Deposits	25,260,007.11
	$31,829,212.06

OFFICERS:

LYMAN J. GAGE, Prest.
JAS. B. FORGAN, Vice-Prest.
RICHARD J. STREET, Cashier.
HOLMES HOGE, Asst. Cashier.
FRANK E. BROWN, 2d Asst. Cash.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE
NATIONAL BANK OF ILLINOIS,
OF CHICAGO,

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business, October 3, 1893.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$ 7,462,094.69
Overdrafts		24,836.94
U. S. bonds to secure circulation (par value)		50,000.00
U. S. bonds on hand (par value)		200,000.00
Other bonds		133,218.00
Due from banks	$1,567,711.53	
Exchanges for clearing house	483,474.15	
Cash	3,159,667.71	
		5,210,673.69
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250.00
Total		$13,083,070.32

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$ 1,000,000.00
Surplus fund		1,000,000.00
Undivided profits		210,195.83
National bank notes outstanding		45,000.00
Dividends unpaid		8,825.00
Deposits—		
Individual	$7,689,266.07	
Banks	3,130,682.42	10,819,048.49
Total		$13,083,070.32

GEORGE SCHNEIDER, President.
WALTER L. PECK, Vice President.
WM. A. HAMMOND, 2d Vice President.
CARL MOLL, Cashier.
HENRY D. FIELD, Ass't Cashier.
H. R. KENT, Second Ass't Cashier.

DIRECTORS.

GEO. E. ADAMS,	ALBERT A. MUNGER,
S. B. COBB,	WM. R. PAGE,
CHAS. R. CORWITH,	WALTER L. PECK.
WM. A. HAMMOND,	ROBT. E. JENKINS,
WM. D. KERFOOT,	EDW. H. VALENTINE,
GEORGE SCHNEIDER.	

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE
CHICAGO NATIONAL BANK
At the Close of Business Oct. 3, 1893.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$ 4,063,506.21
Overdrafts		8,580.97
U. S. bonds for circulation		50,000.00
Other bonds on hand		325,303.70
CASH ASSETS:		
Cash on hand	$2,707,969.86	
Due from banks	1,408,463.46	
Checks for clearings	224,470.68	
Due from U.S. Treasurer	49,150.00	
		5,390,054.00
Total		$9,837,534.88

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$ 500,000.00
Surplus fund		500,000.00
Undivided profits		110,708.27
Dividends unpaid		1,974.00
Bank Notes outstanding		45,000.00
Individual deposits	$7,818,410.71	
Due Banks	861,443.90	
		8,679,854.61
Total		$9,837,534.88

DIRECTORS:

F. MADLENER, J. R. WALSH,
C. K. G. BILLINGS, ADOLPH LOEB,
ANDREW M'NALLY, FERD W. PECK,
MAURICE ROSENFELD.

J. R. WALSH, President.
F. M. BLOUNT, Cashier.
T. M. JACKSON, Asst. Cashier.

H. R. EAGLE

Enoch Morgan's Sapolio, per cake	3 cents
Bay Leaves, per lb	1 cent
2-lb cans Table Blueberries, per can	3 cents
Sifted Whole Allspice, per lb	3 cents
Pure Ground Allspice, per lb	8 cents
Whole China Cinnamon, per lb	4 cents
Pure Ground Cinnamon, per lb	4 cents
Whole Zanzibar Cloves, per lb	5 cents
Pure Ground Nutmegs, per lb	39 cents
L. Schepp's New York Cocoanut, per lb	13 cents
Bulk Italian Macaroni, per lb	5 cents
Dried California Pears, per lb	5 cents
Dried California Peaches, per lb	8 cents
Southwell's Calves' Feet Jelly, per bottle	8 cents
Best Quality Root Beer, per bottle	3 cents
A 15-cent bottle Parlor Pride Stove Enamel	3 cents
Good Quality Plug Tobacco, per lb	18 cents
25 lbs Head Carolina Rice for	$1.00

MASON FRUIT JARS.

Quarts, per dozen	35 cents	Per gross	$4.00
Half-Gallons, per dozen	49 cents	Per gross	$4.75

THIS IS THE LOWEST PRICE EVER MADE.

A Short Story Abruptly Told.

SHOE REMNANTS.

NOT in pieces, understand, but ends of lots—not yards, but PAIRS. These are the balance left of five large retail stock, all of the best makes, styles and quality. Some lots sold out clean, others not. It's the latter we class as REMNANTS. However, they'll find owners quickly

AT THESE PRICES:

Lots.	Usual Price.	Remn Price
1, Women's Finest Kid, Hand-Turned Boots, sizes 1, 1½ and 2, A widths	$3.00	95c
2, Women's Finest Kid, Hand-Turned Boots, sizes 2, 2½, 3, 3½, A and B widths	4.00	75c
3, Women's Finest Kid, Hand-Turned Patent Leather Tipped Oxfords, all sizes	1.50	75c
4, Women's Fancy Slipper, for house and party wear, nearly all sizes	3.00	1.25
5, Women's Finest Kid, Hand-Turned Boots, Gray Bros' make, A and B widths, sizes 8 to 4; an elegant Shoe	5.00	2.50
6, Women's Fine Kid, Hand-Welt, 2½, 3 and 3½, Stribley's (Cincinnati) make	4.00	1.50
7, Men's Fine Calf, Sewed Boots, all sizes	4.00	2.00
8, Men's Fine Calf, Pegged Boots, all sizes	3.00	1.75
9, Men's Fine Calf, Hand-Sewed, Button Shoes, sizes 9 and 10 only	4.00	1.50
10, Men's Fine Calf, Congress Shoes, nearly all sizes	4.00	1.50
11, Children's Best Quality Rubber Boots, sizes 6, 7, 8, 9, 10	1.50	85c
12, Boys' Best Quality Rubber Boots, sizes 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5	2.50	1.25
13, Youths' Best Quality Rubber Boots, sizes 11, 12, 13, 1 and 2	2.00	1.00
14, Glycerole Oil Shoe Dressing, best of all Dressings	25c	10c
15, Men's Finest Quality Patent Leather Oxfords, 5, 5½ and 6s only	2.50	1.00
16, Men's First Quality Buckle Arctics and Snow Excluders, all sizes and widths		85c

Buy rubber goods now and save one-half, this lot.

Day & Martin's London Blacking.

This Blacking is imported and is considered one of the best Blackings made.

Small size	Per box, 1 cent	Per dozen, 9 cents
Medium size	Per box, 2 cents	Per dozen, 15 cents
Large size	Per box, 3 cents	Per dozen, 25 cents

The above prices are less than one-half what it cost to import.

Bixby's Royal Shoe Polish, per bottle ..... 6 cents

Extra Quality Japanned Coal Hods	14 cents
Nicely Bronzed and Japanned Stove Lifters, this sale only	1 cent
Large Size Colanders, extra heavy	7 cents
Medium Size Wood Spoons, well finished	3 cents
Double Chopping or Mincing Knives, 2 blades	4 cents
6-qt. Flaring Pails, durable, and a handy article in any house, only	7 cents
"Oyster Stew" Pans, well made, just the thing	5 cents
Best Quality Dust Pans	5 cents
Sheet-Iron Cake Turners, wood handle	3 cents
Silverine Crumb Tray and Scraper, only	6 cents
Fancy Handle Toy Brooms, extra quality	6 cents
Extra Large Size Cuspidors, in all colors	11 cents
Solid Metallic Mouse Trap, "will not smell"	6 cents
Frying Pans, especially made for egg frying	7 cents
Chain Pot Cleaners	3 cents
Covered Barrel Ash Sieves, a big bargain, fit any barrel, only	19 cents
"The Chicago," the well-known Wringer, "this week only," each	$1.69
Fancy Bird Cages, all colors, well decorated	49 cents

Fancy Imported Sardines, in good oil	Per dozen, $1.20;	per can,	10 cents
1-lb cans Red Alaska Salmon	Per dozen, $1.08;	per can,	9 cents
Flat cans Salmon Cutlets	Per dozen, $2.38;	per can,	20 cents
3-lb cans Boston Baked Beans	Per dozen, $1.10;	per can,	10 cents
2-lb cans Stringless Beans	Per dozen, .60;	per can,	6 cents
2-lb cans Oxford Lima Beans	Per dozen, $1.10;	per can,	10 cents
2-lb cans Marrowfat Peas	Per dozen, .85;	per can,	8 cents
2-lb cans Early June Peas	Per dozen, $1.10;	per can,	10 cents
2-lb cans Extra Sifted E. J. Peas	Per dozen, $2.25;	per can,	19 cents
2-lb cans Majestic Corn	Per dozen, .80;	per can,	7 cents
2-lb cans River Bank Corn	Per dozen, .95;	per can,	8 cents
2-lb cans Eagle Sweet Corn	Per dozen, .98;	per can,	9 cents
2-lb cans Fancy New York Corn	Per dozen, $1.00;	per can,	10 cents
3-lb cans Trophy Solid Meat Tomatoes	Per dozen, $1.05;	per can,	9 cents
3-lb cans Premium Fancy Tomatoes	Per dozen, $1.15;	per can,	10 cents
3-lb cans Pie Peaches	Per dozen, $1.00;	per can,	9 cents
3-lb cans Baltimore Table Peaches	Per dozen, $1.18;	per can,	10 cents
3-lb cans California Table Peaches, 3-lb cans California Table Pears, 3-lb cans California Egg Plums, 3-lb cans California Green Gages, 3-lb cans California Muscat Grapes, 3-lb cans California Apricots,	Per Dozen, $1.50; Per Can, 12½c		
2-lb cans Roast Beef	Per dozen, $1.65;	per can,	14 cents
2-lb cans Corn Beef	Per dozen, $1.65;	per can,	14 cents
20-lb pails Pure Fruit Jelly			49 cents
Chow Chow or Mixed Pickles		Per bottle,	10 cents
Half-pound cans London Cocoa		Per can,	14 cents
40 lbs Broken Carolina Rice for			$1.00
30 lbs Whole Carolina Rice for			$1.00
Imported Macaroni, per pound package			8 cents
Imported Vermicelli, per pound package			8 cents
10 bags Fine Table Salt for			25 cents
Large bottles French Cherries in Maraschino, per bottle			69 cents
After-Dinner Java Coffee		Per lb,	25 cents
Fancy New-Crop Japan Tea		Per lb,	35 cents
Green Japan Tea		Per lb,	19 cents
Uncolored Japan Tea		Per lb,	25 cents
Fancy Moyune Gunpowder		Per lb,	35 cents
Fancy Formosa Oolong		Per lb,	50 cents
Old Country "Blended" Tea		Per lb,	37 cents

SOAP.

	Price per box.	Per Bar.
German Family, 72 bars in box	$2.15	3 cents
Eagle Standard, 60 bars, 60 pounds	$2.39	4 cents
Fairbank's Best Family Soap, 60 bars, 60 pounds	$3.15	5¼ cents
Fairbank's Santa Claus, 100 bars	$4.10	4¼ cents
Babbitt's Best Soap, 100 bars	$4.00	4 cents
Schafer's German Mottled, 60 bars, 66 pounds	$3.00	5 cents
A 6-lb box Best Laundry Starch for		35 cents
A half-gallon bottle Best Laundry Blue		20 cents

OLD FLOUR.

H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour - $4.49

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

H. R. EAGLE & CO.'s
"Best" Minnesota Patent Flour in Bags:

25-lb Bags, each	55 cts
50-lb Bags, each	$1.10
98-lb Bags, each	$2.19
Finest St. Louis Winter Wheat Flour, per brl	$3.89
Bohemian Rye Flour, per brl	$3.49

H. R. EAGLE & CO. 196 BEST MINNEAPOLIS PATENT MINN.

DR. PRICES BAKING POWDER.

Dime cans Price's Baking Powder, per can 6 cents, dozen cans .65
6-oz cans Price's Baking Powder, per can 10 cents, dozen cans $1.20
12-oz cans Price's Baking Powder, per can 19 cents, dozen cans $2.75
2½-lb cans Price's Baking Powder, per can 75 cents, dozen cans $8.75
4-lb cans Price's Baking Powder, per can 90 cents, dozen cans $10.50
5-lb cans Price's Baking Powder, per can $1.25, dozen cans $14.00
10-lb cans Price's Baking Powder, per can $2.90, dozen cans $30.00

H. R. EAGLE & CO., 68 AND 70 WABASH AVENUE.

WHOM THE GODS LOVE.

You say that being so old
'Twas time for him to die?
Rings not your comment cold
And even inhuman? Why
Should tenderer tears be shed
When death lays young lives low,
Spared years of sorrow and fret,
Spared age's overthrow?

When young, we are called away.
We shirk untold regret;
For austere Time will slay
Not merely ourselves, but yet
Brand with authentic sign
His despotism elsewhere—
Drape wisps of silvering hair
O'er eyes beloved—plow line
And furrow on treasured cheeks.
"Whom the gods love die young."
Ah, me! there wisdom's tongue
With sovereign accent speaks!

Pity the old who die.
The young behind them leave
Such bounteous grief whereby
Fate bids they should not grieve.
Heart racked with many a sigh,
Wounded with many a scar.
Pity the old who die.
The young are happier far.
—Edgar Fawcett in Lippincott's.

LOVED AND WAITED.

Mme. Novar reclined on a lounge in the magnificent boudoir of her Moscow house. Between her lips was a small cigarette, and from the salver by her side she from time to time raised a tiny cup of coffee to her mouth.

"Tonight I shall tell him all," she murmured, throwing one hand beneath her head and gazing at the wreaths of smoke as they curled upward. "It is scarcely fair to deceive the boy longer. He loves me passionately, and I—well, Martha Novar is also in love." She knocked the ash of her cigarette into a silver tray.

At that moment a man entered the room. He was clothed in the uniform of an officer in the imperial guard and was as handsome as a man well can be.

"Ah, good evening," he said gayly. "You see I have not kept you waiting tonight." He threw down his shako on the table and drew his chair close to the lounge.

"No, you are very good, Stanislos." Then, after a slight pause: "I have something of great importance to tell you tonight—something that my cowardice has prevented me from telling you long before this, and for which I have to suffer by marring the happiness of such a time."

She threw away her cigarette impetuously, and then continued:

"It is about Ivan Novar."

"Do not talk of him now. He is dead and should be forgotten. What reason have you for speaking of him to me? Today you are his widow; tomorrow you will be the wife of Stanislos Feovitch."

"You misunderstand me. My husband is dead, but I did not lose him by death. He married me because I was wealthy, because I had many servants and was rich in gold, but three months after the wedding he went away from me to live with the woman he loved. He never loved me, nor did I ever love him, yet I believed I did at the time. I should have told you all before it was too late, but even now there is time to retract."

The young officer bent closer to her, pressing her hand with his lips.

"My poor Martha! What misery you must have suffered, what pain it must have caused you! Still there is one whom you can trust, and one whom you —you love. Is that not so?"

"Yes," she replied simply. "I love you. But," releasing herself from his grasp and standing up, "my mind is made up. You do not know the woman I am. You do not realize that I am disgraced forever. I cannot destroy the happiness of your life by uniting myself to one so pure, so innocent of the world. You are but a boy, a woman of 28 winters. Such marriages are never, never happy ones."

He was looking at her in amazement while she stood before him as pale as marble, with a slight tinge of red on either cheek.

"Martha, you say you have no wish to destroy my happiness. Why, then, do you do so by casting this terrible misery in my path? God knows how much I love you. As for our union being an unhappy one, it is preposterous." Then, more calmly: "Do not destroy our plans for the future in this heartless fashion, my darling. Your disgrace I have no thought for. It is in my eyes not a disgrace, but a misfortune."

Mme. Novar was happy now. She felt that her duty had been done, and now that this passionate boy's love was not only unmoved, but actually increased, her heart's one desire was fulfilled.

The desertion of his wife by Ivan Novar 10 years before had formed the topic of society scandal in Moscow for some time after the event occurred. But the woman had not slunk away and hidden herself from the eyes of the world. She had fought against all and lived it down with all the determination of her character.

No one knew where he had gone but she. She had never loved him and did not mourn his loss. It was the dishonor, the degradation that would ever be attached to his, to her name when the truth was known that made her face so pale and wreathed her eyes with furrows.

When she met Stanislos Feovitch and he had first declared his love for her, she had resisted him, not unkindly, but firmly, and had shielded her heart against the passion which but for this precaution would have plunged her into disgrace as great as that which polluted the name of her husband.

But one day she received the news of the death of Ivan Novar. With this intelligence the barrier of reserve which had been thrown up between herself and her ardent lover was removed, and now they were to be married.

Stanislos was a comparative stranger to Moscow and scarcely two and twenty, so that the history of Mme. Novar was unknown to him. All he knew was that she was a widow, but until then he had never had any idea of the truth.

The next day Mme. Novar drove to a distant part of the city. Happy in her own thoughts, her face bright and suffused with a deep color as the biting wind touched her cheeks, she scarcely noticed the passersby as the sleigh slipped over the snow. When at the corner of a street the horses slowed down, she raised her eyes, and they fell upon the figure of a tall, gaunt man wearing coarse, ragged clothes, torn and greasy.

Neither the persistent scowl on his face nor the thick, matted beard which covered his cheeks could blot out the air of refinement that pervaded his whole person. In the dragging, slouching walk there was a similitude of former firmness and elasticity of step that had been shattered by debauchery and vice, while the brown hands that swung carelessly by his side had lost but little of their delicacy and softness.

The cry that she gave caused him to raise his head and look directly at her. He stopped and would have entered the vehicle, but she hastily thrust a card into his hands, and murmured hurriedly:

"Call on me at noon today."

He looked her full in the face for a moment, then turned on his heel and continued his walk. He was Ivan Novar.

"You have come back, then," said Mme. Novar in a cold, harsh voice as her husband entered the room.

"Yes," he answered, folding his arms. "The rumor you heard of my death was a false one, set afloat by those whom it most benefited. I have for a long time been trying to discover your whereabouts to let you know the truth. I have come now to save you from disgrace."

"You have come to save me from disgrace," repeated Mme. Novar, dwelling with bitterness on each word. "You have come to rob me of the only happiness which my life has ever known! You have come to poison my love, to tear me away from the only man for whom I hold respect! You have dragged your own name into the mire, and with it mine! You ruined my life and blighted my hopes, and now you come to save me from from disgrace! I thank you."

"You are very bitter," he answered. "I did it for your sake."

"And what are you going to do now?" she asked, sinking into a lounge.

"I shall go away—forever. I shall not see you again. I will let you know when I am—when you are free. That is all I can do."

There was a few moments' silence. Then she spoke again:

"And Vassily, where is she?"

"Dead," he answered hoarsely.

"Well, you took your happiness at the expense of mine, and you have suffered for it. I no longer have need of you." She waved her hand in the direction of the door, and the next moment he was gone.

For a little while Mme. Novar sat, cold, dumb and passionless, trying to gather the thoughts which flew madly through her brain. Then of a sudden she threw herself on the lounge and burst into a flood of tears.

Shortly after, Stanislos, unannounced, entered the room and stood with his hand upon the door, gazing in astonishment at the sobbing figure. She did not hear his approach.

"Martha," he said, laying his hand on her arm, "what does this mean?" He went down on one knee by the side of the couch. She raised her head and staggered to her feet.

"It means that we must part." Stanislos looked curiously at her, wondering if intense happiness had affected her mind. She saw his incredulous expression and added chokingly:

"My husband is alive. I have seen him today."

"It is impossible!" he almost shouted. "You must be mistaken. It is an impostor whom you have seen. Your husband is dead, and in a few hours you will be my wife."

Then she told him everything.

When she had finished, he led her to a seat and sat by her side.

"There is one remedy—the law. You have but to release yourself from this man's clutches by the law, and you will be free. I will go at once and arrange the matter for you. I will see that your —my—future happiness is not destroyed by this fellow."

He rose to go, but she detained him.

"No, no. I am as free now as ever I can be while he lives. I could not wish to seek redress from the law. I could not do it. It could never bring me happiness, and that is all I want. No, no. You must go away from me—must try to forget me. You are young and have all the world before you, while I—I have seen enough of the world. You must not ruin your peace of mind by refusing to see reason through your love glamoured eyes."

Her voice trembled, for the effort to speak calmly when her very soul was torn asunder had caused her cheeks to blanch and her lips to quiver. For some time he pleaded with her, implored her to make the union with him possible and honorable by the intervention of the law, or at least to hold out some hope of all obstacles being eventually removed. But she told him with firmness that they must part forever.

"I will go," he said at length, "if you wish it, but I shall return. I will not be with you, but I shall watch over you and guard you until the day comes when you are free. Then I shall come and claim you as my own, and nothing shall mar the happiness of our lives."

"You will never be able to be near me and yet keep from my side. You must go away altogether, and when you may come back I will send you a message. But it may be years."

"As you wish. We are both young and can afford to wait. But, oh, my darling, reconsider your decision once more—the last time! Think!"

She shook her head sadly.

"Not even the love I bear to you can induce me to unsay what I have already said."

"Then we must say goodby."

All the coldness went out of her heart at a sweep when those bitter words fell upon her ears. She looked full into his eyes and said falteringly:

"It seems to me that I have spoiled your whole life. All I pray for is that you will learn to forget me soon and to put me from your thoughts. I do not mean to be unkind, but such a state of affairs will be better for both. Goodby."

* * * * * * *

Five years had flown, and Mme. Novar sat in her drawing room at St. Petersburg. In her hand she held the key that unlocked those chains which had bound her life's happiness for so long and which she now hesitated to utilize as her heart told her. For more than an hour she sat, filled with a strange happiness, that savored of regret mingled with remorse. She was free now, freed from the bonds that the law had wound about her and the man who was once her legal husband.

Drawing her writing materials toward her, she wrote the letter which she had promised to send five years before.

"Come, Stanislos," she wrote, "if you are happy, that I may know it and rejoice. Come, if you are unhappy, that I may comfort you."

She did not dispatch it, but kept it, with the intention of handing it herself to his lawyer.

That evening she had an engagement at Mme. Zernovo's. There were more lines on the forehead and cheeks of the image reflected in her mirror than she had ever noticed before. The gray hairs stood out with a distinctness that she had never realized hitherto. After bending close to the glass, she stood erect sharply.

"What am I doing? This childlike vanity is foolish. But where is that beauty which brought my ruin. Where is the luster of my eyes or the roses of my cheeks? Ah, it is sad that while the heart is still young the flesh should have aged so much."

She went down the staircase and entered her carriage, driving to the house of her friend.

There were a large number of guests that night. Mme. Novar became herself once more and played and enchanted the company with her captivating voice.

There was one song which on this particular night she sang with all the fervor of her heart. It was "The Sleigh Bells," a duet of which she sang but one part, while no one accompanied her.

People wondered at her strange freak, but she laughingly told them it was her whim. Never had she been so gay since the time of that terrible parting.

During the second verse a tall, handsome man, dressed in the uniform of the Imperial Guard, walked quickly over to the hostess and whispered:

"Will you bring Mme. Novar over to my wife? I should like to introduce them to one another."

When the song was finished—the one in which he had so often accompanied her five years ago—Mme. Zernova led her across the room to where Stanislos stood by the side of his wife.

"Madame, let me introduce to you a new arrival in St. Petersburg, Captain Feovitch."

There was an awkward silence for a moment, while Mme. Novar went ghastly pale and pressed her lips tightly together.

"Allow me to introduce to you my wife," he said, holding out his hand toward a lovely young girl, who glanced shyly at the woman before her.

"Let me congratulate you. You have indeed a sweet wife."

The words were slowly and painfully uttered.

When the others had moved away, he said: "You did not write to me. I waited until a year ago. Then I thought I should never hear."

He spoke with the same frank, boyish voice that had poured out its torrent of passionate love in her ears five years ago.

She refrained from telling him the whole truth now—now she was free—and how she had waited all these years to claim him. She said nothing about all this.

Some one was playing a dreamy waltz, while amid the throng of dancers was his young wife. Mme. Novar roused herself from the reverie into which she had fallen and cast her eyes round the room. When they fell on Mme. Feovitch, she murmured:

"She is lovely." She sank into a chair and looked down at the polished floor. When she raised her head again, Stanislos was gone. She did not see him again that night. She did not see him again ever.

In the solitude of her chamber an hour afterward, still in her evening dress, Mme. Novar tore open the note addressed to the man she loved.

"Come if you are happy, that I may know it and rejoice."

A moment later and a tiny heap of ashes lay beneath the burning taper.—Exchange.

How Lightning Kills.

The cause of death by lightning is the sudden absorption of the electric current. When a thundercloud which is highly charged with positive electricity hangs over any certain place, the earth beneath it becomes abnormally charged with the negative electric current, and a man, animal or other object standing or lying directly beneath also partakes of the last mentioned influence. If, while the man, animal or other object is in this condition, a discharge takes place from the cloud above, the restoration of the equilibrium will be sudden and violent, or, in language that we can all understand, the negative current from the earth will rush up to join the positive cloud current, and in passing through the object which separates the two currents, if it be an animate being, will do so with such force as to almost invariably produce instant death.

According to the above, which seems a tenable hypothesis, to say the least, a fellow is really "struck" by the ground current and not by the forked fury from above at all.—St. Louis Republic.

An International Worker.

One of the most active and earnest promoters of the university extension movement, either in the new world or the old, is Miss Jessie D. Montgomery, a young woman whose name is often seen among the contributors to some of the best known English periodicals, and who is at present honorary secretary of the Exeter Center, England.—New York Tribune

TWICE EMBARRASSED

THE ONLY TIMES IN A CHEEKY MAN'S CAREER WHEN NERVE VANISHED.

His First Unfortunate Experience Was In Public and His Second In Private, but In the Latter Situation Was Confusion Worse Confounded.

I have never been really and genuinely embarrassed but twice in my life. I have been close to it many a time, but my training as a traveling man and a naturally cheeky disposition has always saved me, excepting these two times.

The first time happened many years ago. I had more hair on the top of my head then, more self confidence and far less experience. It happened during some school commencement exercises in the town hall of the little place where I lived. I had to deliver an oration that night. It was "Spartacus." Every boy knows it and has been thrilled by it. The whole town population and the country for miles around were there. So was my sweetheart and all her folks. The town hall had a regulation stage, and in the center of that stage and near the front was a trapdoor. I never knew this trapdoor to be used, but it was there, and underneath was a dark space used for storing old broken chairs, dilapidated scenery and wrecked furniture of every description.

On this night in question somebody had weakened the underpinning of this door. I never knew who did it, and if I found out at this late day even I would kill him. I came out in all the glory of Sunday clothes—a starched shirt and tight shoes—and began telling without a tremor how Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the population of old Capua and how the little band of gladiators gathered that night in the forsaken arena. At this point I began the speech of Spartacus.

With right arm upraised I shouted, "Ye call me chief!" and stepped square on that fatal trapdoor. Down I went like a piece of lead on the end of a plumb line, and the audience rose. I thrashed around in the dirt and debris, half stunned, for a few moments, but could find no way out. They finally fished me out up through that hole again. I was covered with dirt and cobwebs, my clothes were torn, and my reappearance was the signal for wild applause. I can state honestly and feelingly that I was embarrassed. No boy has ever spoken "Spartacus" in that town since. The recollection of my effort has always been too much.

Bad as this was, my second experience was worse. It happened a short time ago. The memory of it is so recent that my blood hasn't recovered yet from the chill I went through. I have a very intimate friend who has a young lady acquaintance in a certain city. We can call her Miss Green. But that is not her name. My friend is a fine young man, but as careless and thoughtless as a butterfly. I had to visit this city of which I speak, and my friend insisted on my calling on Miss Green and taking a letter of introduction. I didn't much like the idea of being introduced in that way and said so. But my friend was so anxious that I weakly gave in and departed, bearing a letter to Miss Green. And, as I found out afterward, neither inside nor outside of this letter did my friend use her first name.

The evening after my arrival I put on my best and costliest raiment, rehearsed a number of my best sayings and started out. Miss Green lived in the very best part of town. Her residence evidently belonged to people more than well to do. To the servant who opened the door I gave the letter, asking if Miss Green was at home. She was. I was ushered into a parlor, and the inside of the house showed more than the outside that I was in the home of people of wealth and refinement. I began to feel that awe that strangers amid strange surroundings always feel, when a door opened and the prettiest girl I ever saw came into the room. I arose and bowed. She stood a moment irresolutely, and a faint blush came over her face. She had my letter in her hand also, I remember. Soon she spoke. I will never forget her voice. It was clear as a silver bell.

"Mr. Bee," she said, "I have no doubt but that it would be pleasant to have you among my acquaintances, but really I do not know your friend who has written his letter. He is a stranger to me."

Talk about being knocked down with a feather. A piece of down from a humming bird's wing would have floored me. Hot and cold streaks ran over me like a flash, while the perspiration in drops like marbles came out on my forehead. I was embarrassed and wild with rage at the trick that had been played. I thought in an instant that here is this pretty, refined and modest girl, who thinks that I have seen her somewhere and adopted such a subterfuge to become acquainted with her. I don't know how I ever escaped from that house, but I did, and if I had been in reach of the writer of that letter that night there would have been an immediate row.

The next day the blackest negro out of Africa brought me a little note. The note said a terrible mistake had been made. My letter had been intended for a sister who knew my friend very well. The sister had been out when I called, and as there was nothing in the letter to distinguish which Miss Green was meant the recipient took it to herself, and being somewhat embarrassed and confused hadn't thought of its not being for her, and then, too, Mr. Bee left so suddenly that she had hardly time to collect what little thought she had, and wouldn't I please call that evening?

I did call. But on the evening when I first saw Miss Green and heard her speak I was distinctly and emphatically embarrassed as I never had been before.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Speaks For Itself.

Gaswell—I tell you the phonograph is a great invention.

Larimer—Yes; it speaks for itself.—London Tit-Bit

Vegetation and Climate.

The time was when Florida was an immense sand bar, stretching into the gulf of Mexico, and probably as barren as can be conceived. But in the semitropical climate under which it exists, in the course of ages the seeds carried to its shore by the sea, and the winds, and the myriads of birds which find it a resting place have clothed it with luxuriant vegetation, interspersed with tracts of apparently barren sands.

Its main features illustrate the absurdity of the common notion that the landscapes of tropical and semitropical latitudes are superior in luxuriance of vegetable production to those of the temperate zones. The truth is that in the hot regions it is only where there is constant moisture that there is a strong and rank growth of plants. Generally aridity prevails, the hillsides are bereft of vegetation, and an air of parched up and suffering nature characterizes all that is seen.

It is only when we come north that our landscapes glow with universal vegetable profusion; that the forests stand out in bold relief on the hillsides; that the earth is carpeted with vernal green, and prodigality of vegetation reigns supreme. In the tropical landscape the abundance of flowers, which are supposed to be peculiar to warm climates, are exceptional phases.

They exist, but it is in the recesses of the swamp where the burning sun is checked in its effulgency. In these recesses, and favored by springs of water, we have in Florida the wildest effects. We have flowers and vines and strange leafings and gigantic trees as nowhere else to be seen; but they are always in hidden places. The open tropical landscape, we repeat, is arid and desolate.—Picturesque America.

Leopard Shooting.

The first time that I saw a wild leopard in the jungle might have been easily also the last time for my seeing any wild leopards. I was creeping along under the trees on the sloop of one of the little hills at Chittagong, just inside the tangled fringe of briers and grasses at the edge of the covert. I was stalking, or rather sneaking, after one of those beautiful pheasants which we used to call the mathoora (Euplocamus horsfieldi) and listening for its footfall on the dry leaves, for this pheasant rather disregards the precaution of moving silently.

Suddenly there was a slight noise of a broken twig on the projecting branch of a tree almost overhead, in front of me. A glance showed to me a leopard stretched out along the branch and gazing earnestly into the bushes below it.

The leopard was hunting the mathoora after his fashion, hoping to pounce on it from the tree. He was so intent on his work that he seemed not to have heard or smelled or seen me. In a moment I raised my gun and fired a charge of No. 5 shot into his head just behind the ear. The leopard fell dead almost at my feet, nearly all the shot having penetrated the brain. But if I had not been so lucky as to see the leopard and also to kill it, it might perhaps have jumped down on me and broken my neck, or in its dying struggles it might have bitten and mauled me. It was great luck for me, but bad luck for the leopard.

It was a very handsome young beast, apparently full grown, though leopards vary so much in size and length that it is not easy to say when one of them has reached maturity. This adventure happened many years ago. I still have the animal's skin, but it looks rather dingy and dirty now.—Longman's Magazine.

Novel Stage Effects.

Some new scientific stage effects were introduced into a recent performance of Wagner's "Die Walkure" at the Grand Opera House, Paris. The scene where the sons of Wotan, mounted on steeds and brandishing their lances, are seen in the clouds is described as very realistic. The foreground is wild and rocky, and the clouds are seen to scud across the sky. This effect is produced by projecting the image of a cloudy sky by an electric lantern on a curtain of translucent blue cloth.

The continuous movement of the clouds for half an hour is produced by painting them on the edge of the disk of glass 12 inches in diameter and rotating the edge past the lens of the lantern. Three lanterns are employed to blend the clouds. The wild cavalcade of Wotan's heroes is produced by a line of mechanical horses, full sized and carrying real performers. They are supported on a scaffold and drawn by means of a cable across the scene at a suitable elevation. The mounted men are strongly illuminated by the electric light, and thus rendered visible through the translucent curtain representing the heavens.

The scene terminates by a conflagration in which great flames run along the rocks, while thick fumes, reddened by Bengal fire, spread through the atmosphere. The flames are due to fulminating cotton placed in advance on the rocks and lit by the machinists. Lycopodium powder is also blown through holes in the stage. Weird cloud effects are produced by steam.—Exchange.

A Sad Awakening.

In one of Theodore Hook's stories the bridegroom, departing with his bride for their honeymoon, is disturbed by a continual tapping on the floor of the post chaise. It begins to bother him exceedingly. "What the deuce is that noise?" at last he mutters. "It is nothing, darling," answers the bride sweetly. "It is only my wooden leg." Only that, and nothing more. She had got accustomed to it from long use, but the information put him out exceedingly and caused a coolness which was permanent.—Argonaut.

The Duchess of Cleveland.

The aged Duchess of Cleveland, the mother of Lord Rosebery, who is one of the last, if not the last, of the surviving ladies who officiated as bridesmaids to the queen at her majesty's marriage over 53 years ago, is a lady of great activity of mind and body. She is just about to set out on a journey to South Africa.—London Queen

THE HOLY OFFICE.

Functions of the Congregation of the Inquisition In the Eternal City.

There are two different tribunals at Rome to which is intrusted the judgment of books, pamphlets, articles and other writings referred to them as liable to a charge of endangering faith and morals. One of these is the congregation of the holy office or inquisition, and the other is the congregation of the index. The very name of the former of these will cause a thrill of horror in the minds of those whose knowledge of the inquisition is derived from the calumnies and exaggerations that have been heaped upon it by its enemies.

It is not my business to defend it in my present paper. I would only remind the reader that it is most unfair to impute to the Roman inquisition the cruelty and injustice of the Spanish tribunal, against which the popes again and again protested. The Spanish inquisition is now happily defunct, and the Roman congregation of the inquisition alone survives. It is a permanent committee chosen from the cardinalitian body and holds its meetings always within the precincts of the Holy City. It was instituted in the year 1542 by Paul III, by the constitution beginning with the words, "Licet ab inito," and had for its chief object to arrest the progress of the doctrines of Luther.

The congregation of the holy office, or inquisition, holds the first place among Roman congregations. Its members are some dozen cardinals, more or less, selected by the pope on account of their knowledge of theology and canon law and their skill and energy in the transaction of ecclesiastical business. It has jurisdiction over a field of greater importance than any other tribunal whatsoever, for it has intrusted to it the guardianship of the purity of faith and morals throughout the Christian world.

Alone of all the Roman courts it has for its official president the pope himself, although in point of fact his multitudinous duties rarely permit of his presence at its meetings, and his place is taken by one of the cardinals chosen by him, who has to report to the holy father the same evening all that takes place during its session.

Besides the cardinal who acts as president, there is a secretary, who is usually the senior cardinal present; a commissary, whose business it is to decide what questions shall be referred to the consultors for their opinion, and who is always a Dominican; a promotor fiscalis or public prosecutor, who conducts the case, and an advocatus reorum or counsel for the defendant, who seeks to clear the suspected writings of the charge of false doctrine.

In addition to the cardinals who compose the tribunal there is attached to it, as I have said, a number of consultors, and of these a certain number are selected, under the name of qualificatore, for what is the most difficult and delicate part of the work intrusted to them. The consultors include the most celebrated of the Roman theologians, secular and regular.—Nineteenth Century.

Great Men at Chess.

William Steinitz, champion chess player of the world, has played the game of kings with some of the world's greatest men who were not professional players. He played more than one stout game lasting from early night into the next morning with Von Moltke, who in addition to being a great general was one of the best chess players in Europe, and who fought his chessmen as he did his army corps—always to win. He played with quite another sort of person when in Paris at the time of the fullness of the power of Napoleon III. He was honored once by having this gloomy, ambitious misanthrope for an antagonist, and says that the last French emperor might have made a respectable chess player but for his weakness in making rash and utterly unnecessary moves.

Once the champion met the Prince of Wales in a friendly game, but he says there was no honor in beating that good natured gentleman, for he played haphazard.

Herr Steinitz has played with Bismarck among others, but he does not consider the great German statesman a master of chess, as Von Moltke was. Bismarck never had, he says, that mastership of himself that is necessary in the game of chess. He could not contain himself when his antagonist would sit for half an hour studying out a series of moves. He would stride the floor, puff volumes of smoke, and at times seem about to sweep chessboard, chessmen and all away with heavy hand.

"He had no patience," said Mr. Steinitz, "and no man can master chess without patience." Mr. Steinitz ought to know.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

An Ancient Article Indeed.

"That must be an antique," remarked a visitor to a collector of bric-a-brac, who was exhibiting his chief treasure—a handsomely carved oak table.

"Indeed it is," replied the other proudly. "I believe it to be the finest and oldest specimen of furniture extant."

"It may be the finest, but not the oldest," remarked the other. "Why, I have an Arabic table at home which dates before the beginning of the Christian era. In fact it is known to be more than 2,000 years old."

"You surprise me," said the collector, not a little nettled by the remark. "I had no idea there were any tables as old as that. Is its history authentic? What is its character?"

"Oh, it's very simple," added the other. "It's the multiplication table. Its history is perfectly authentic, and as for its character, why, that is perplexing —at least to the small boys."—New York Herald.

Good Horse Sense.

Gummey—Skidmore has good horse sense.

Gargoyle—I suppose you mean he knows how to pick the winners at the races?

Gummey—No, I mean he never bets.—Detroit Free Press.

FULL FILLED.

She drank from out her curving palms
A draft she could not see,
Full filled they were and running o'er,
There had been space for not one more—
Full filled with kisses three.

A lover's kisses, newly pressed
On soft palms, tenderly,
With thirsty lips she eager quaffed
And smiled, until for joy she laughed
Through tears and could not see.
—Anna C. Brackett in Scribner's.

CANDOR AND COURTESY.

They Are Not Antagonistic, but Veracity Should Be Circumspect and Kind.

Hawthorne used to say, "God may forgive sins, but awkwardness has no forgiveness in heaven or in earth." If for awkwardness we substitute undue candor, we might still be speaking temperately. You do not invite to the christening the caller who looked kindly but firmly at your pretty baby and said she thought this child would be rather good looking, as he resembled his father's family. It may be safely said that the person who assures us that we have fallen off five years in one will never be dear in memory. She has spoken the truth, but from henceforth we shun her as if she were a modern Sapphira. If we feel self elected to tell our friends the unpleasant things which have been said, no matter how truthfully, about themselves or those dear to them, we must expect to share in the odium of the message delivered.

By the laws of some occult science not yet formulated we become in a measure what we are told we are. To the woman who has said we look dead and faded every tinge of yellow in our skin responds, and we believe that much time passed in her society would convert us into a mummy. When with those in whose love and appreciation we have confidence, we bring forth the answering fruits of worth and loveliness, while the consciousness that our associates consider us stupid and unamiable has a tendency to paralyze every brilliant attribute and unselfish action. "Kindness, kindly expressed," like the witch hazel wand, makes the desert blossom like a rose, while the follower of undue candor loses half the sweetness and fruitage of life.

Are we to infer, then, that candor and courtesy are antagonistic? By no means. But we believe that veracity should be governed by the rules of the old nursery game of "how, when and where." The manner of speaking the truth divinely taught held this injunction, "In love." The candor that publicly criticises or that points out defects at the time and place where these defects cannot be remedied is unpardonable. The sum of the whole matter is this—while the love of truth should be the cardinal point of our religion, our creed should be broad enough to embrace the gracious precedent of the heroine of wisdom in whose lips was the law of kindness.—Harper's Bazar.

Better Than Ham.

Hog and hominy is the popular dish in some portions of the south, just as pork and beans delight the palate of the New Englanders and catfish and waffles appeal to the taste of Philadelphians. How dearly a Virginian loves ham may be inferred by the following conversation reported by a home coming commercial traveler:

While riding in from an interior town in the stage he fell into conversation with the driver. The talk finally turned upon hunting, the driver informing his fare that the woods thereabout abounded in game. Passing a stream, the traveler asked if it contained fish.

"Lots of them," was the reply.

"What kind?"

"Mostly trout," said the driver. "All these mountain streams are full of trout."

"They must be fine eating," was the next remark.

"Fine eating!" exclaimed the driver. "Well, I should say so. You just go up to the mountains and catch half a dozen trout about 10 or 12 inches long, clean 'em without washing 'em, rub in some salt, roll 'em in Injun meal and bake 'em in the ashes. Good eatin! Why, stranger, they beat ham!"—New York Herald.

Frenchwomen of Business.

The Frenchwoman, unlike her English sister, has, as a rule, a very good business education. In the common schools she is taught household bookkeeping and is given lessons in purchasing and useful expenditure. As a wife she is expected generally to help her husband in his business, and sometimes she manages it entirely for him. In the small store she acts as clerk for him, and in the larger ones she is an equal partner.

The Bon Marche was made famous by Mme. Boucicault, who helped her husband to found and maintain the establishment, and after his death she took entire charge of it. Her system was one of so much kindness and consideration toward her employees that they called her "The Lady of the Bon Marche" and looked upon her as almost a saint.

There are many other large establishlishments in Paris managed by women. Mme. Coquelin, it is said, invests all her husband's money for him, and many of the wives of artists manage the selling and exhibition of their husbands' works, attend to the collecting and paying of debts, obtain orders and call upon newspaper men, doing all the necessary work to make their husbands' artistic efforts profitable.—Woman.

Electric Fans For Hairdressing.

The electric fan has found its way into the hairdressing establishment and fellows a new mission in life. After milady's head has been ducked in a basin of water and lavishly sprinkled to remove the foaming lather, she is requested to place her head at the opening of a huge tin tube. This she does, and for a moment all is restful and silent. Then a sound as of the distant roar of cannon reaches her ear; louder and louder it grows. Cool breezes play about her head, sent through the tube by whirling fans at the other end, and soon the hair is perfectly dry.—St. Louis Republic.

Lightning's Destructive Power.

During the year 1891 205 lives were lost (that we know of) in the United States east of the Rocky mountains directly through the action of lightning. How many were lost indirectly, and how many cases there were of shattered health and more or less permanent injury, we can only surmise. The financial loss due directly to lightning was certainly not below $1,500,000.

To get at something like a commercial estimate of the damage done by lightning in the past few years in this country, I have made use of The Chronicle fire tables for the six years 1885-90 and find that some 2,223 fires, or 1.3 per cent of the whole number, were caused by lightning, and the total loss was $3,386,826, or 1.25 per cent of the whole amount lost by fire. During 1892 we have a record of 202 lives lost. The damage may be estimated at as high a figure as in 1891. These losses are the more appalling when we recall that over 95 per cent of the casualties due to lightning occur between the months of April and September.

The question whether or not we are able to protect ourselves from lightning some five years ago would have been answered readily and with all sincerity, "Yes; a good electrical connection with the earth—a stout continuous copper rod, for example—will suffice." Today no such answer can pass unchallenged.—Popular Science Monthly.

Impostors In Holland.

An English traveler in Holland says that the natives sell all sorts of rubbish to the American and English tourists who go for a run through the water logged country. Whole crates of imitation Delft ware are made in Germany and sold in Holland as the genuine article. The tourist may have it of any age, design or condition. A little judicious mutilation by no means injures it.

Ancient articles of furniture too! Every week large consignments of chairs with embroidered backs, artistically faded and raveled, are sent over to Rotterdam from Shoreditch, where they are being made by latter day machinery.

Tons of silver shoe buckles and candlesticks and plates, spoons and cups enough to set a table around the globe are annually supplied at rare, round prices to the delighted tourists.

With the comfortable sums thus secured the thrifty Dutch live well, buying provisions at the following rates: Butter, 20 cents a pound; eggs, 25 cents per score; sugar, 12 cents a pound; beef or mutton, 12 to 16 cents a pound for the best parts; milk, 8 cents a quart; bread (which the traveler asserts is as light as a feather), 4 pounds for 10 cents; Java coffee, 25 cents; tea, 37 to 50 cents; chickens, 16 to 25 cents each; ducks, 12 to 18 cents; cheese (called "death's heads), 14 cents a pound.

Life In India.

Fancy an enormous house rambling out into a series of immense rooms, all on one floor, piazzas 20 feet deep, immense chambers, in the middle of which stand the beds, doors and windows wide open, the grounds filled with palms, bananas and all sorts of tropical trees, the song of birds, the chirp of insects everywhere, and a dazzling sun blazing down on the Indian ocean in front.

A dozen or more husky Hindoo servants, barefooted, dressed in white, with bright sashes around their waists and bright turbans on their heads, are moving about everywhere, as still as cats, and with no end of devotion to their little duties. One of them seems to have nothing to do but to look after me. He has worked over my limited wardrobe till he knows every shirt and collar better than I do myself.

He is now brushing my hat for the twentieth time this morning. The life is luxurious. Quantities of delightful fruit, cool lounging places with luxurious chairs, a sumptuous breakfast (or "tiffin," as we call it here), and dinner table, and no end of kind attention. I am writing in my room on the day before Christmas, as if it were a rather hot August morning at home.—Century.

Had Napoleon Entered the English Navy.

When Napoleon was at school at Brienne, the son of an English peer, who himself became Lord Wenlock, was his schoolfellow. One day the little Corsican came to young Lawley and said, "Look at this."

He showed him a letter written in remarkably good English. It was addressed to the British admiralty and requested permission to enter our navy. The young Bonaparte said, "The difficulty, I am afraid, will be my religion." Lawley said, "You young rascal, I don't believe that you have any religion at all." Napoleon replied, "But my family have; my mother's race, the Ramolini, are very rigid; I should be disinherited if I showed any signs of becoming a heretic."

These facts I had from one who had very good means of knowing. He told me that Bonaparte's letter was sent, and that it still exists in the archives of the admiralty. I have not searched for it, for the simple reason that I do not wish so good a story to become prematurely public. I hope that some one who has access to the historical documents in that department may take the trouble to find it.—Sir William Fraser.

Didn't Wish to Repeat the Mistake.

There is a certain judge in Chicago who rather prides himself on his vast and varied knowledge of law. The other day he was compelled to listen to a case that had been appealed from a justice of the peace. The young practitioner who appeared for the appellant was long and tedious. He brought in all the elementary textbooks and quoted the fundamental propositions of law. At last the judge thought it was time to make an effort to hurry him up.

"Can't we assume," he said blandly, "that the court knows a little law itself?"

"That's the very mistake I made in the lower court," answered the young man. "I don't want to let it defeat me twice."—Chicago Mail.

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St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 18th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 133 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1097 S Leavitt st; F S, J J Malbeck; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 185 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 326 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 685 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3606 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, P C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 8330 Went Worth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1020 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 3099 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 3833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2961 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3040 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 268 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Helimuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in school hall.

McMullen No 45—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 332 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St George No 48—C R, John Fleckenstein, 2563 Bonfield st; R S, Hubert Hartig, 2930 Lyman st; F S, J P Greenewald; T, M Frana. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at Thirty-first and Boniface sts.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face. Waltham or Elgin, $12.00. This watch is just the same as No 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12 00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14 35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $23.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reinforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so much that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of soft composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only. Not any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

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No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Grangehunting or open face, $30.00.

No 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $23.10.

No. 39, Gold filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No 40, in solid Silver Coin case (8 oz.), open face or hunting, $13.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$23.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $23.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham or Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $20. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, in a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of

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OF THE
FORT DEARBORN NATIONAL BANK
OF CHICAGO,
At the Close of Business October 3, 1893.

ASSETS.

Loans and discounts (time)		$1,306,386.73
Overdrafts		40.53
Real estate		20,171.81
U. S. bonds		50,000.00
Other bonds	826[illegible]70.00	
Demand loans	74[illegible]82.50	
Due from banks	107,610.76	
Exchanges for clearing house	53,292.46	
Specie	266,645.25	
Currency	286,119.87	
Due from U. S. treasurer	2,250.00	
		1,078,400.84
		$2,454,999.91

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 500,000.00
Surplus fund	75,000.00
Undivided profits	9,586.30
Circulation outstanding	45,000.00
Deposits	1,825,413.61
	$2,454,999.91

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J. H. WITBECK, Vice President.
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